

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 753

MAY 3, 1884

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GRAPHIC, MAY 3, 1884.

# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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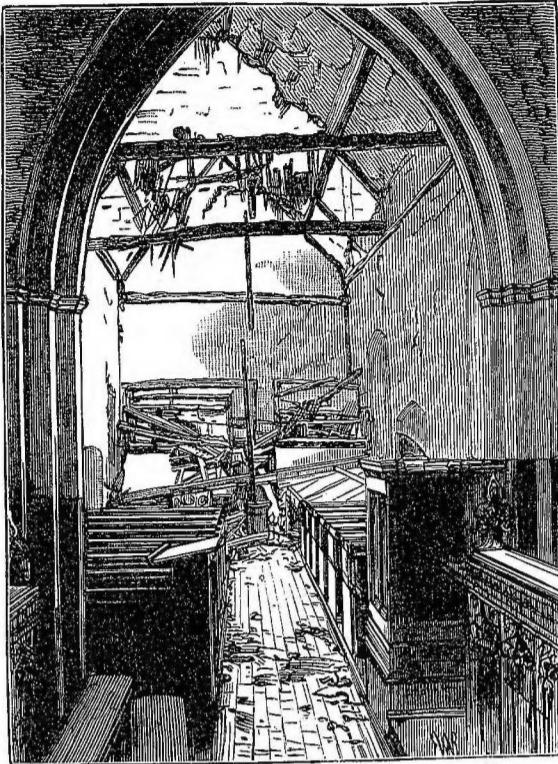
SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1884

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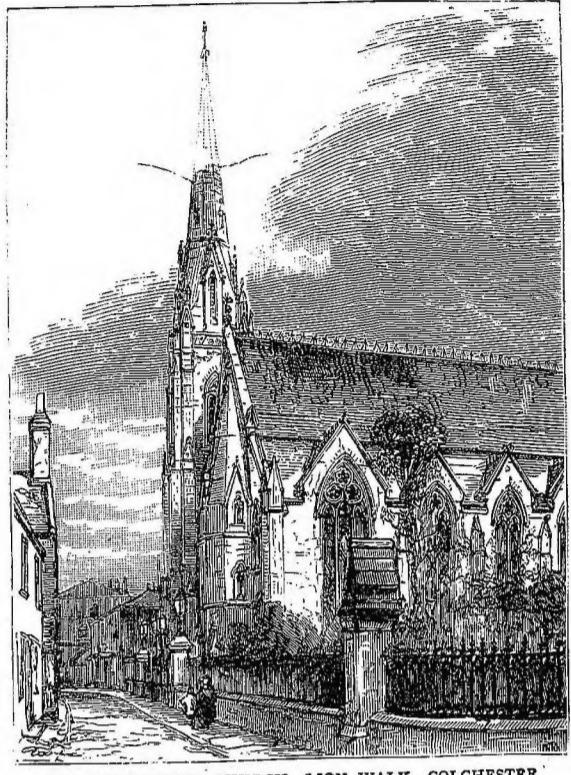
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EXTERIOR OF LANGENHOE CHURCH



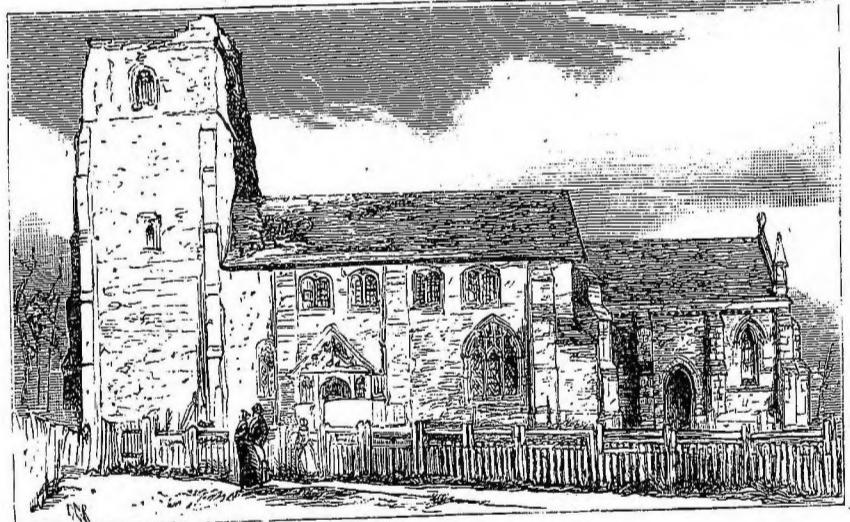
INTERIOR OF LANGENHOE CHURCH



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LION WALK, COLCHESTER  
(The dotted portion of the Steeple was shaken down)



IN THE HYTHE, COLCHESTER: THE RUSH FOR THE GASWORKS



PELDON CHURCH



ROSE INN, FELDON



ON THE QUAY, WIVENHOE



COTTAGE AT ABBERTON

THE RECENT DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE IN EAST ESSEX



**EGYPT AND THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.**—In the negotiations for a Conference for the consideration of questions connected with Egyptian finance the English Government seems to have met with serious difficulties. France would not object to be represented at a Conference; but she insists that the business to be transacted shall not be limited to finance. This seems to have taken the English Government by surprise, yet it is hard to understand how any other result could have been expected. When a question of finance is raised, it is inevitable that the question of guarantees should be raised also; and in the case of Egypt the question of guarantees cannot be spoken of without reference to the whole political situation. If Mr. Gladstone had a definite policy with regard to Egypt, he would have no reason to fear the fullest discussion of his schemes; for although France would be well pleased to take our place in that country, she would not dream of resisting any important proposal to which England was distinctly pledged. This she showed plainly enough before the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and she has shown it again and again amid all the confusion that has brought so much discredit on us since that time. As for the other Powers, they have never manifested the slightest inclination to throw obstacles in our way even when they have been puzzled and astonished by our weakness and inconsistency. The root of the whole difficulty is that Mr. Gladstone has not even yet been able to make up his mind as to the course he ought to pursue. From the beginning of these troubles he has wavered between absolutely contradictory ideas, and he apparently wavers as much to-day as he did two years ago. In Egypt Proper his hesitancy has led to worse consequences than any that could have sprung from the military despotism which he sent an army to crush; and in the Soudan it is not unlikely to result in disaster which will cover his country with dishonour. For no one now thinks that Gordon's position is perfectly secure; and it is doubtful whether, if an expedition were to be sent to Khartoum, it could reach its destination in time. Mr. Gladstone is still a popular Prime Minister, but it may be questioned whether his popularity will stand much longer the severe strain to which he himself is subjecting it. By his failures in Egypt and the Soudan he has contrived to offend men of all parties in Parliament, and in this respect Parliament accurately represents the feeling of the nation.

**NEW HALF-SOVEREIGNS FOR OLD ONES.**—A gold currency possesses several attractions. It is clean, portable, and ornamental. Those who have lived in one-pound-note countries, and have had the pleasure of handling bundles of those frowsy, greasy, stinking promises to pay, will appreciate the *restrain* of a song which used to be popular ever so many years ago: "For a guinea it will sink, but a pound it will float, Then I'd rather have a guinea than a one-pound-note." Simply for its cleanliness a gold currency is eminently desirable. But without doubt it is an expensive luxury. Gold is a soft metal, and, even with the usual allowance of Mint-sauce in the form of alloy, wears away rapidly. Bankers inform us that the mere transmission of gold coin by rail, say from Edinburgh to London and back, causes a sensible diminution of weight; and then it not unfrequently happens that the legitimate wear and tear caused by perpetual handling is aggravated by the nefarious arts of the "sweater," who, in these scientific days, is aided by the electric battery. The result is that a large proportion of our gold coins, especially half-sovereigns, are very light. The present practice is that the last holder, who is usually a banker, should bear the brunt of this deterioration. This is manifestly a very unfair arrangement, and obviously tends to keep light gold circulating until it become so deficient that the most amiable recipient refuses to take it without a discount. Accordingly, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been endeavouring to solve the problem of replacing the light-weight by a full-weight coinage without adding the cost (some 700,000*l.*) to our existing burden of taxation. His plan is to let the sovereign alone, as that, he says, is an international coin, but to debase the unfortunate half-sovereign, by decreeing that it shall contain only nine-tenths of its present amount of gold. This is a device charming in its simplicity, but, as it seems to us, worthy rather of the semi-barbarous age of the Plantagenets than of the present enlightened era. If the half-sovereign is debased, people will be suspicious about the sovereign. Better, we think, to follow one of these two courses. Either let the purity of our gold coinage remain as it is, and charge the cost of recoining to the nation; or else boldly issue tokens, made of bronze, aluminium, or any other cheap and ornamental metal. These will really be promissory notes for a pound, ten shillings, five shillings, and so forth, only made of a more convenient and permanent substance than paper. Gold coins might still be issued, but much fewer of them would be required, as they would be chiefly used for international transactions. Nor would it be necessary, as some suppose, to lock up a proportionate amount of bullion as an equivalent for the tokens thus issued; the national credit would be pledged for their redemption, and that credit is based on the property of the entire community.

**UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS.**—The account which Mr. Whiteley gave of himself to the interviewer of the *Pall Mall Gazette* would form an exciting chapter enough in any "History of Successful Men." The old recipe for making gold was "first to collect a good deal of silver;" the modern formula looks easier but amounts to the same thing, for the commodity to be amassed is character, which is but another name for credit—though credit, like silver, requires some clever handling before it can be turned into gold. The "Universal Providers" of our day have grown rich by remembering that mankind has always loved a profusion of cheap showy wares, and they have simply re-invented the old fair. Those monster stores, or shops, where you can buy food, furniture, and raiment, or, as Mr. Whiteley puts it, anything from an ironclad to a wife, are nothing but developments of the fairs which, having grown unnecessary, are becoming obsolete. We have not yet come to the music-booths and the raree shows, but these will be added in due time. Already some of the "Universal Providers" have set up refreshment-rooms, and it will not be long before one of them starts a band, and, perhaps, some marionettes or a dancing dog show, to which ladies will relegate their children while they themselves are making purchases. This compensation is almost due to boys and girls, for one effect of the monster shops has been to kill off the bazaars which were formerly the great toy-marts and most convenient sauntering places for London children in wet weather. A quarter of a century ago, when London was much smaller than it is now, we had the German Fair and the Pantheon, besides the Soho and the London Crystal Palace, which are less favourite resorts than they once were. The big "U. P." shops now have their Christmas, Easter, and holiday sales of toys, but we believe a fine future would be open to the "Provider" who first lays himself out seriously to assist ladies in amusing their children on rainy days.

**WOMEN AND THE HIGHER EDUCATION.**—The final vote of Convocation as to the admission of women to some of the honour examinations at Oxford will probably mark an epoch in the history of one of the most characteristic movements of our time. Convocation is not generally very willing to sanction important changes, yet by a large majority it accepted the statute which had given rise to so much eager discussion. After this, the right of women to what is called the higher education is not likely to be bitterly disputed anywhere in the United Kingdom, and by-and-by Oxford and Cambridge may even follow the example of the London University in admitting them to degrees. In the controversy which preceded the vote of Convocation it was urged that in seeking for University honours women are certain to lose feminine grace and charm. If this were true, it would, no doubt, be a serious argument; but it has never been explained how the character of women can be more injuriously affected by accurate than by inaccurate knowledge. As for the ideal picture drawn by the Dean of Chichester, it is enough to say that, whether the Dean likes the fact or not, there are thousands of women who must somehow make their own living. This being so, it is surely only fair that they should have an opportunity of competing with men on terms as nearly equal as possible. If women are unfit in any circumstances to be the rivals of men, that will soon be made plain, and Nature herself will decide the question. Until quite recently, most people were far too ready to decide that restrictions imposed by the human will were due to unalterable laws of the Universe. Now it is beginning to be understood that unalterable laws of the Universe may be allowed to assert themselves without our intervention; and it is not in education only that women will profit by this conviction. Sooner or later it will be generally admitted that the capacity of women for the exercise of political rights—like their capacity for University training—must be determined, not by arbitrary dogmas, but by the results of experience and observation.

**THE CHOLERA.**—Either on account of, or in connection with, the unusual heat and drought which have been experienced during the early months of the year, cholera and small-pox have lately prevailed extensively in India. There is no reason to doubt that the cases of cholera which occurred on board the *Crocodile* troop ship originated in Bombay. This outbreak naturally causes considerable apprehension in this country, all the more because the *Crocodile* had nearly 1,300 persons aboard. If only one of these persons who, in defiance of old-fashioned quarantine notions, have been allowed to mingle freely with the rest of the world, has been tainted with the choleraic virus, a severe epidemic may be the result. We say "may be"—for about this, as about many important sanitary matters, medical authorities disagree vehemently; still, in such an emergency, it might be wiser to be too prudent than too rash. It is some consolation, however, to remember that during the cholera visitation last year in Egypt, notwithstanding the constant communication between that country and this, no cases occurred either here or on the European continent. But this may be due, not so much to admirable sanitary arrangements, as to the fact that countries, like individuals, are at one time disposed, at another time indisposed, to catch one of these zymotic maladies. Although no remedy against cholera has as yet been discovered, yet great advances in sanitary knowledge have been made since 1866, when that fell Asiatic plague

last visited us. Our water supply is generally purer; and, in case of an outbreak, much stricter measures would be taken than was formerly the case to isolate the sick from the healthy.

**ESCAPING FROM FIRE.**—Fires are neither so frequent nor so destructive now as they were in the days when houses were built chiefly of wood and when the water supply was defective. But in a large city houses catch fire every day, and this leads one to ask whether our fire brigades are as well trained for saving life as those of other countries. Do not our firemen rely rather too much on mechanical appliances? Their engines, hose, and escapes are all admirable; but looking at the stalwart fellows in the brigade one cannot help thinking that they are less fitted for feats of agility than the French *pompiers* or the German *Feuerleute*. In France and Germany gymnastics form part of the daily exercise of firemen, and men are only enlisted in the fire service when they are nimble climbers; nor can they remain in it after their limbs have lost the suppleness of youth. Some of the acrobatic performances of these foreign firemen are staggering to witness, but such feats often avail more than mechanical appliances to save life—for instance, when an awkwardly-placed window has to be reached, or when the only way of escape for the inmates of a burning house lies over a slanting roof. One fact brought into prominence by certain recent fires is that few people take thought as to how they ought to act when such a disaster occurs. The poor women in the Old Bailey fire might have been saved if they had put wet handkerchiefs over their faces to rush through the flame and smoke of the staircase, and they might perhaps have been rescued if the key of a padlock which fastened an escape-ladder to a wall in the yard had not been mislaid. Keys are always getting mislaid, and proper precautions against fire must consist of means that can be used at a moment's notice without any unlocking of doors or unclamping of heavy things. To keep a long knotted rope with a hook to it loose under one's bed is a very good precaution, and within everybody's means. A rope-ladder would answer still better, and as it would ensure almost absolute safety to its owner, it would not be a dear purchase though it cost 2*l.* or 3*l.*

**LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.**—Considerable interest has been excited by an article in the *St. James's Gazette*, calling attention to a dispute between Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Salisbury. No one would have been surprised to hear that the Member for Woodstock had quarrelled violently with Sir Stafford Northcote, but to most people it seemed strange that he should have entered into an angry controversy with the leader of his party in the House of Lords. In some respects the temper of Lord Randolph Churchill is not unlike that of Lord Salisbury; and there was a general impression that the *enfant terrible* of Conservatism was anxious to see the more vigorous of the two Tory chiefs recognised as the only successor of Lord Beaconsfield. About the cause of the dispute the public know nothing; but from the tone of the article in the *St. James's Gazette* it seems probable that Lord Randolph Churchill thinks the time has come for trying to form an important party of his own. If this be really his intention, he will almost certainly find that he has overrated his power. That Lord Randolph Churchill is clever, that he has more "dash" than any other Conservative politician, that he knows how to make himself conspicuous, all the world admits; but, with all his striking qualities, he has not yet succeeded in inducing the majority of Englishmen to take him quite seriously. They are amused by him and rather like him; but he has not persuaded them that his political convictions are the result of genuine reflection, or even that he has any very definite opinions about the gravest questions of public policy. There is nothing to indicate that the acknowledged Conservative leaders have lost the confidence of their party; and it is probable that if Lord Randolph Churchill were finally to break with them he would become a considerably less influential personage than he is now. If he has prudence as well as courage, he will be in no hurry to assert his claims to the brilliant part which he already considers himself capable of playing.

**THE PARKS RAILWAY BILL.**—Although the various railways which are scattered over and under the metropolitan area make up in the aggregate a large mileage, they by no means afford a corresponding amount of accommodation. The reason for this is that for the most part they were constructed without any regard to a general system. For example, the Northern parts of London are very inadequately united with the Southern. There is literally only one short cut which avoids the long *détour* of the Inner Circle, namely, that from King's Cross to Farringdon Street, which is consequently choked with the traffic of three converging lines, that is to say, of the Midland, the Great Northern, and the Metropolitan. Londoners, therefore, ought to welcome the Parks Railway, which, although by something of a circumlocution, will be a second link between North London and the Central Districts. The evidence of the Chief Commissioner of Works seems to show that no material damage will be done to the Parks. Had there been a proposal to make an open cutting through the Parks, or that those inestimable pleasure-grounds would be practically bisected by a deep gully, along the bottom of which puffing

monsters were perpetually rushing along and emitting clouds of smoke and steam, the Bill would have deserved to be opposed tooth and nail. But we cannot feel this hostility to mere ventilators. They might be made ornamental structures, and, if tall enough, their fumes would not hurt the adjacent vegetation. Far better this, than make the line without any ventilation in the part passing under the Parks, and then find that we are subjecting the unfortunate passengers, amounting to some millions in the year, to an atmosphere compared with which the tunnel between Gower Street and Portland Road in the early days of the Metropolitan was as pure as the top of Helvellyn. We then, perforce, shall have to make ventilators or to close the line for passenger traffic. We hope, however, that Sir John Hawkshaw may be right, and that the line can be ventilated without openings in the parks. By the way, talking of links from North to South, will the line from King's Cross to Charing Cross, for which, if we are not mistaken, an Act was obtained many years ago, ever be constructed? It would be a great boon to North Londoners.

**THE ITALIAN OF TO-DAY.**—We are reminded, by the opening of the Turin Exhibition, that the Italian of to-day is not a man like his fathers. Time was when we should have expected an Italian Exhibition to be a thing unique; there would have been much painting and sculpture in it, much performing of music, some singing and dancing, abundance of flowers, and beautiful specimens of artistic handicraft—carving, moulding, and such like. But the modern Italian despises these frivolities. He is painfully in earnest about science, educational statistics, and criminal law reform. You find him in the City raising money for railway or tramcar companies; he visits the factories of Birmingham; he is to be seen on the Clyde inspecting the models of big ships with an eye to ironclads for his own navy. He has no longer a Manzoni among his poets, Verdi alone remains of his great composers, the glories of his Scala and San Carlo are gone; but he is glad and proud; he thinks that Volta was a greater man than Rossini, and he will rate the genius who completes the Circuit Railway of Rome higher than Michael Angelo. Perhaps our Italian friend is wrong. He ought to read what M. Emile de Laveleye has been saying of him in a thoughtful and lively book just published, "Nouvelles Lettres d'Italie." In his first series of letters, issued five years ago, M. de Laveleye took rather an optimist view of Italian prospects; but he has come round to the idea that a people who are forcing their natural genius out of its bent are not wise in their generation. The Turin Exhibition displays the products of factories sustained by protection, and models of war-ships which the country does not want, and which can only be bought by neglecting agriculture, which ought to be, and might be, the mainstay of the kingdom. M. de Laveleye exhorts the Italian of to-day not to be ashamed of his own nature or to mis-reckon his own aptitudes. He prefers the Italian who used to sing cavatinas, rather than his descendant in an ulster and dogskins who is going to read a paper at the next meeting of the Social Science Congress.

**CROFTERS.**—In these days of Parliamentary Obstruction the Report of the Royal Commission appointed to investigate the grievances of Scottish crofters is too likely to be neglected. Nevertheless, it is a document of great importance, and Parliament would do good service if it could find time to consider thoroughly the recommendations of the Commissioners. The chief of these recommendations is that "townships" should, as far as possible, be restored and expanded—a township being a place in which there is a group of tenants possessing common rights in pasture land. The Commissioners advise that three holdings should suffice to constitute one of these social units; and they urge that, when two-thirds of the occupiers demand more land, the proprietor should be compelled to recognise their claim—the conditions being, of course, determined by proper authorities. There can be no doubt that this scheme would be of great benefit to the better class of crofters; and it has the advantage of being in accordance with customs which prevailed at one time in all parts of the Highlands, and which still survive in many districts. It is to be feared that the plan will not be very favourably received by landowners; but they ought to reflect whether, if they reject so moderate a solution, they may not by-and-by have to deal with an agitation for far more drastic change. Compared with the provisions of the Irish Land Act, the suggestions of the Commissioners are mild; and already they are being denounced as altogether inadequate. From the point of view of the State, it is of the highest importance that the Highlands should be inhabited by a hardy and contented population; and it will be fortunate if it can secure this end without imposing on any class or on the community very formidable sacrifices.

**CLUBS FOR CLERKS.**—Lord Brabazon wrote a sensible paper on this subject the other day in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He recommends the foundation of residential clubs, where the kind of young men who are employed in banks, warehouses, and offices could each get a small simply-furnished bedroom, with the use of "several large rooms common to all the inmates for purposes of refreshment, reading, writing, and amusement." Much economy, no doubt, would be effected, and a great increase of material comfort would be

obtained, by concentrating under a single roof a number of young men who are now scattered about in various lodgings. At the same time there is a good deal to be said on the other side. The promiscuous association of a number of young men together, without any disciplinary restrictions (which they would probably resent), is likely to be not altogether conducive to steadiness of character. In such establishments, the fast men are more likely than the slow-goers to set the tone of the place. It is well known that clubs established professedly for social enjoyment among persons of the clerk class are apt to degenerate into downright gambling hells. Nor do we believe that the picture of the lonely clerk, sitting gloomily in his stuffy little sitting-and-bed-room, thirsting for human society, male or female, as the case may be, and then rushing madly forth to hear the dulcet voices of the Sisters Jenkinson at the Royal Mashery Music Hall, is generally true. Numbers of these young men board in families, we constantly notice them advertising for "young and cheerful society," and we are inclined to think that they are quite as wholesomely engaged turning over the leaves of the song which their hostess's daughter is singing, even though early matrimony may be the result, as they would be in a club, surrounded only by members of their own sex, and liable by the force of example to be led into habits of luxury which they cannot afford.

**A GOOD CUP OF TEA.**—M. Alexis Reskoff, a Russian traveller, has just published a book in which he gives his experiences of England much in the style of M. Max O'Rell. One of the things he says is that it is easier to get a glass of honest beer in London than a cup of good tea. He appears to have wandered into some coffee-palaces, and to have found the beverages in these houses detestable. We hope other foreigners have been more fortunate, but we must certainly agree that there are very few places in London to which one can go in the full assurance of getting enjoyable tea. We have all laughed at the story of the tourist who, having given some tea to a Spanish cook, had the boiled leaves served up to him in a vegetable dish, the cook having added a little garlic to what she called the juice to relieve its insipidity; but, minus the garlic, the decoction of boiled leaves tapped steaming out of a plated cylinder is what we are all accustomed to accept as tea in public refreshment-rooms. Tea is so cheap now, and everybody knows so well how it ought to be made, that there is no reason why it should not be with us as it is in Russia, where every customer has a small pot brewed expressly for his comfort. As to the tea drunk in private houses, M. Reskoff comments, as others have done, on the curious parsimony of ladies who see no meanness in turning half-a-pint of warmish water on some tepid leaves by way of offering a visitor a second cup of tea. It never occurs to an Englishman who is drinking wine with a friend to fill up the decanter with water, and to say, "Take another glass," yet, as our Russian critic judiciously observes, the wine which we draw out so freely costs, even when bad, ten times the price of a good cup of tea. We suppose things will never be regulated anywhere by strict rule of logic; but since M. Reskoff lays a charge against the Temperance Associations of being more zealous to ban intoxicants than to provide pleasant substitutes in the houses which they patronise, we may commend his strictures to Sir Wilfrid Lawson as worthy of meditation.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT of FOUR PAGES, entitled "THE CORPORATION OF LONDON—AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY," being the first of a series, drawn and written by H. W. Brewer.

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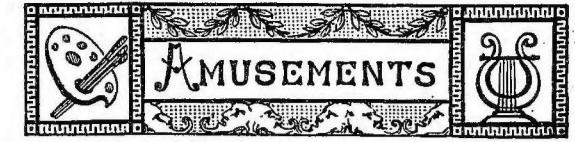
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K. VENNER, Secretary.  
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CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNNDHAM—EVERY EVENING, at 9, BRIGHTON, with Mr. CHARLES WYNNDHAM as Bob Sackett, supported by Messrs. W. Draycott, H. H. Astley, W. Blakely, Geo. Giddens, W. Barron, H. Saker; Mesdames R. Saker, K. Rorke, F. Chalgrove, R. Norreys, E. Phelps. Preceded, at 8, by NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS. BRIGHTON will be followed in rapid succession by revivals of the Criterion Comedy, FOURTEEN DAYS and BUTTERFLY FEVER, with Mr. CHARLES WYNNDHAM in his Original Characters. The Family Circle, price 3s., for which numbered seats may now be booked during the day, will be open on and after Monday Next, May 5.—CRITERION THEATRE.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Proprietress : Mrs. B. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING, at SEVEN, the grand production of Mr. Robert Buchanan's celebrated Adelphi drama, STORM BEATEN. New and elaborate scenery. Misses Grey, Harlowe, Lewis, Howe; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Algernon Syms, Reynolds, Stephenson, Steadman, Newbound, Lewis, Bigwood. INCIDENTALS. Miss Rosa, the renowned lady ventriloquist, Sisters and Brother Phillips, Pablo Fanque and Sons. RESCUE OF THE ORPHANS (Saturday excepted), Messrs. Cook, Darby, SATURDAY—ALONE IN THE PIRATE'S LAIR.

BRIGHTON THEATRE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—MORNING PERFORMANCES, Thursday, May 8, Miss KATE SANTLEY and Company in LA COSAQUE; Thursday, May 15, SIGNOR SALVINI in THE GLADIATOR.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.  
See opinions of all the leading daily and weekly papers on the MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' EASTER HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.  
Times, Standard, Daily News, Post, Advertiser, Chronicle of April 15th; Lloyd's, Weekly Times, News of the World, Era, &c., &c.  
Great success of the new artists, Mr. TOM WARD, MAJOR BURK.

New Comic Sketch of the DUDES AND DUDDESSES, EVERY NIGHT AT 8.  
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, 3 and 8.  
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees of any kind. Doors open at 2 and 7.30. Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

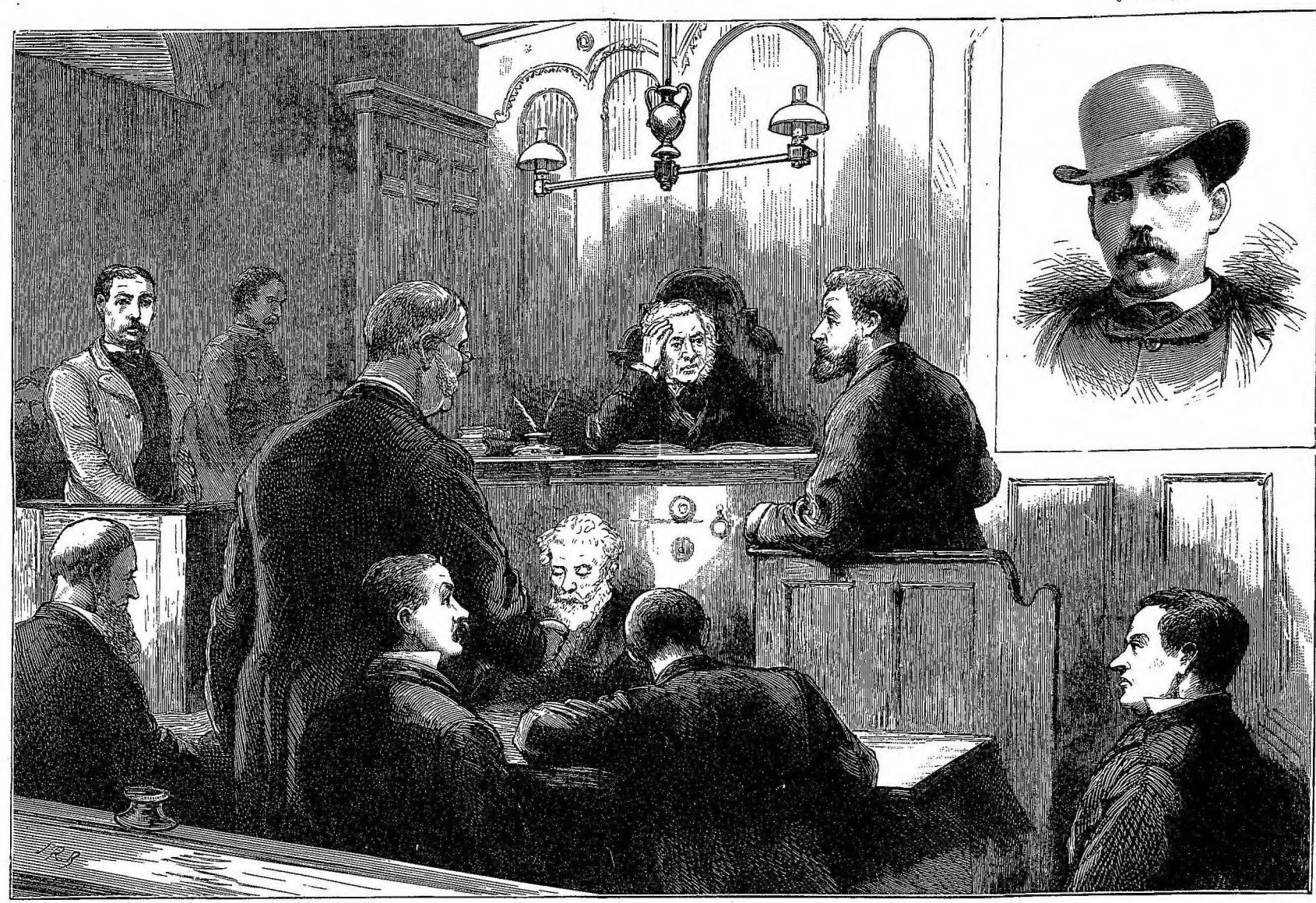
MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Managers, Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAIN.—A MOSS ROSE KENT (Last Representation), written by Arthur Law, music by Alfred J. Caldicott. After which an entirely new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled A LITTLE DINNER. Concluding with a DOUBLE EVENT, written by Arthur Law and Alfred Keed, music by Corney Grain. Morning Performances every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3; Evenings, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Admission 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.; Box Office now open 10 to 6. No charge for Booking.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL.—Every Afternoon at Three, and in the Evenings at Eight, of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. In addition to the great Illusions so successful before closing for structural alterations, PSYCHO'S NEW MYSTERIES are introduced at every performance. Box-Office open daily, and seats can be booked at all the libraries. Stalls, 5s.; reserved seats, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s. Doors open at 2.30 and 7.30. Carriages at live and ten.—W. MORTON, Manager.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday. From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., Fare, 1s. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

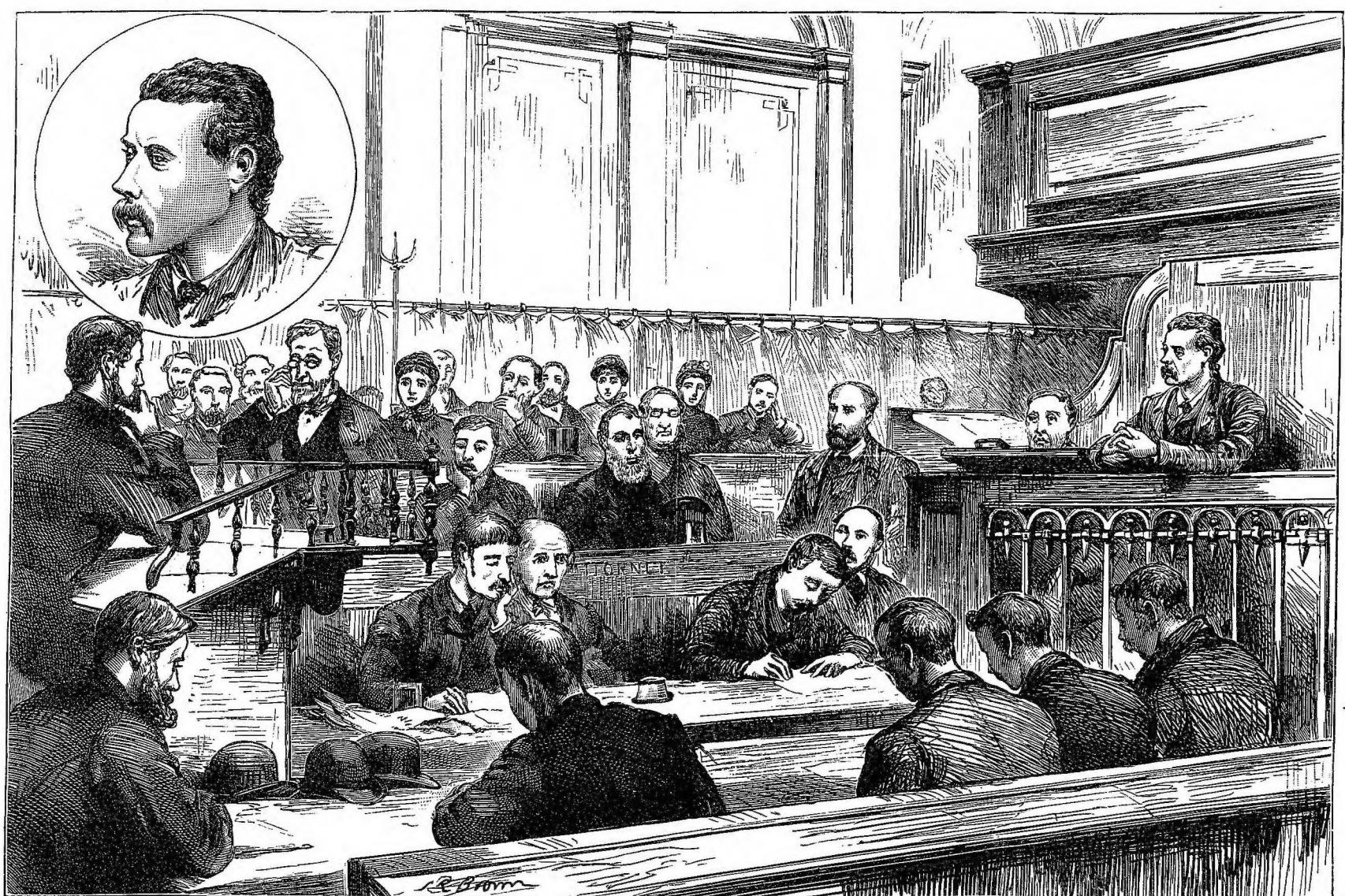
PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Weekday Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class). Night Service, Weekdays and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.00 p.m. Fares—single, 32s.; 24s.; 17s.; return, 55s.; 39s.; 30s. The "Normandy" and "Brittany," Splendid Fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours. A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information about the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 26, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Offices, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By Order). J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



EXAMINATION OF JOHN DALY, ALIAS DENMAN, AT THE BIRKENHEAD POLICE COURT

John F. Egan



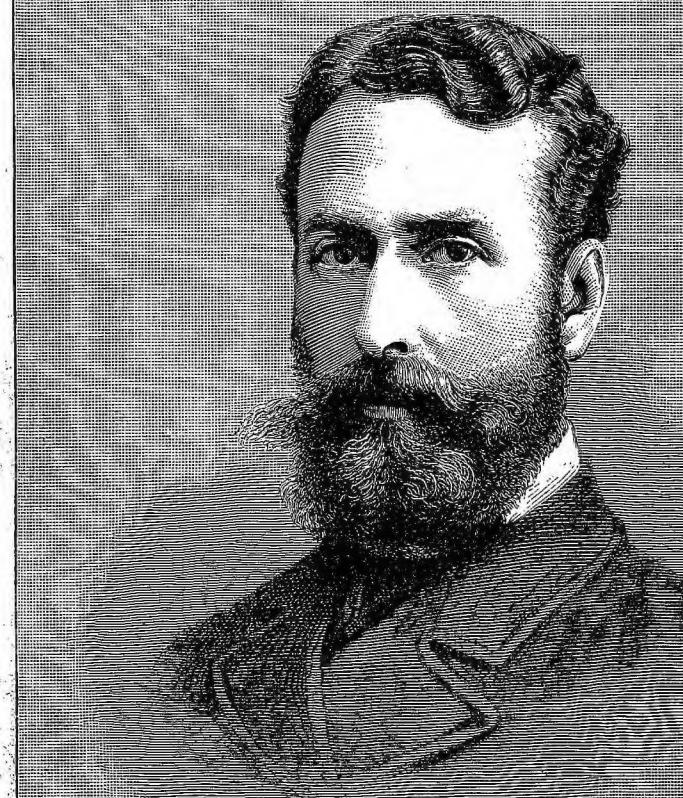
EXAMINATION OF JOHN F. EGAN AT THE BIRMINGHAM POLICE COURT

THE DYNAMITE PLOT

John Daly



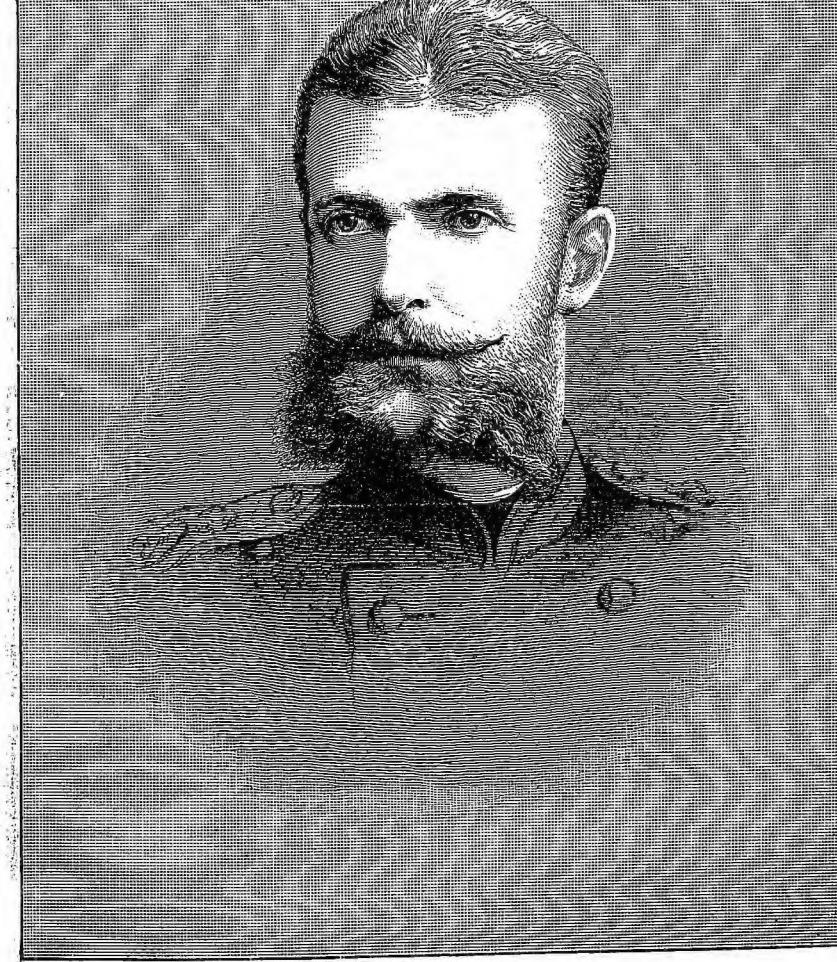
PRINCESS LOUIS OF BATTENBERG (PRINCESS VICTORIA OF HESSE-DARMSTADT)  
Eldest Daughter of Louis IV., Grand Duke of Hesse, and the Late Princess Alice



M.S.H. PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG, R.N.  
Married to the Princess Victoria of Hesse-Darmstadt



PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF HESSE-DARMSTADT  
Second Daughter of Louis IV., Grand Duke of Hesse, and the Late Princess Alice



THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS OF RUSSIA  
Betrothed to Princess Elizabeth of Hesse-Darmstadt

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT DARMSTADT



### THE EARTHQUAKE IN EAST ESSEX

THE earthquake which took place about 9.20 A.M. on Tuesday, April 22nd, and of which we gave some account last week, was slightly felt in London and many other places; but in Colchester and the districts thereto adjacent it was one of the severest shocks ever known in these islands. Fortunately, few persons were killed or mutilated, but an enormous deal of damage was done, a great deal of it to the dwellings of hard-working labouring people.

Last Saturday an influential deputation of M.P.'s, representing Essex boroughs and county divisions, waited on the Lord Mayor. A subscription list was opened, which, we trust, will meet with liberal support, for a cause more deserving of sympathy can scarcely be imagined. Mr. W. J. Soulsby, the Lord Mayor's Secretary, will act as Secretary to the Fund, and will be happy to receive subscriptions.

The daily journals have supplied such full accounts of the damage done by the earthquake that we will confine our remarks here to the places depicted in our illustrations. Some of these are from sketches by our own artist; others are from photographs taken by Mr. T. C. Hepworth, of 23, Cantlowes Road, N.W., S. B. Angle and Co., High Street, Colchester, and W. W. Gladwin, Market Hill, Maldon.

At Colchester the streets were strewn with the *debris* of fallen chimneys, forty feet of the stone spire of the Lion Walk Congregational Church were broken off, and came crashing to the ground, walls were split, houses were unroofed, and the Water Tower visibly rose and sank.

Business in Colchester was practically suspended at once, schools and factories were closed, and the streets were filled with excited crowds, many of whom made a rush for the Gas Works, believing that they had exploded.

At Langenhoe the shock was very severe. Farm-houses were wrecked all along the road; and the church, an ancient Norman stone structure, was terribly shattered, the battlements crashing through the roof into the chancel. The Rectory also was badly injured.

In Peldon not a single dwelling, large or small, escaped more or less injury. The church, a fine thirteenth-century structure, was rendered unfit for use, the battlements of the tower and keep having, as at Langenhoe, fallen on to the roof and damaged the interior. The Rose and Crown Inn was literally wrecked.

In the little parish of Abberton, three miles from Colchester, chimneys were thrown down in all directions, houses were unroofed, and gable walls cracked from top to base. No place suffered more severely than Wyvenhoe. Throughout the place scarcely a chimney or a chimney-stack was left standing, houses and work-sheds were roofless and dismantled. Along the quay, where numerous yachts are lying up, the destruction was very severe—roofs smashed, chimneys gone, rooms filled with rubbish. As nearly all the inhabitants live in their own houses, which they have purchased out of their savings, the bulk of the loss will fall on very poor people. Wyvenhoe Church had its turrets carried away, and Wyvenhoe Hall suffered severely. The Hall is the residence of Mr. John Jackson, the lord of the manor, who has furnished some interesting details of his personal experiences.

### EXAMINATION OF DYNAMITE PRISONERS AT BIRMINGHAM AND LIVERPOOL

AT 8.35 A.M., on Good Friday, April 11th, a man of gentleman-like appearance, dressed in a tweed suit, and apparently about forty years of age, was in the act of taking a third-class ticket for Wolverhampton at the Birkenhead Railway Station, when he was suddenly seized and secured by a party of police officers, headed by Mr. John Humphrey, of the Irish Detective Police stationed in Liverpool. On the person of the prisoner were found four packages, three of them containing bombs of the most dangerous character, and the fourth a material used in connection with the bombs. The accused person, who gave the name of Denman, but who has been known as O'Donnell, and whose real name is supposed to be John Daley, had been closely watched by the police for upwards of three months. He had been lodging with, and when absent from his lodgings in close correspondence with, one James Francis Egan, a man who was in respectable employment as a clerk, and who lived in a large house with a spacious garden at Sparkbrook, near Birmingham.

The arrest of Egan was simultaneous with that of Daley. Egan is described as a little sharp-looking man, about five feet four inches high, with small features, closely-cut light hair brushed back from his forehead, and a large auburn moustache. He is married, and his wife was for a time held in custody, though allowed to remain at home.

The police ransacked Egan's house from top to bottom, and also probed the garden in every part with pointed iron rods. At first they found nothing of a compromising character, except some Home Rule papers; but, on April 15th, beneath an elder-tree in the garden, they discovered a tin case buried under the roots of the tree, and containing documents referring to "the Irish Republic," and proving—whether Egan was or was not concerned in the plot—that for several years past a number of persons have been engaged in a treasonable and criminal conspiracy in the Northern and Midland counties of England. The documents showed that the organisation did not merely exist in theory, but that it had armed its members with nearly 8,300 rifles and revolvers.

On Saturday last Egan was brought up on remand at the Birmingham Police Court, charged with conspiring with John Daley to cause an explosion in the United Kingdom likely to endanger life and property. He was defended by Mr. O'Connor; Mr. H. B. Poland prosecuting on behalf of the Treasury. No evidence was given on this occasion, the whole period of the examination being occupied by a statement by Mr. Poland giving an account of the suspicious documents which had been found on the prisoner's premises, and of his probable complicity in Daley's schemes. At first Egan leant over the dock-rail in an unconcerned manner, but, as Mr. Poland proceeded, his face became flushed, and he was perceptibly embarrassed.

On the same day Daley was brought up at Birkenhead before the stipendiary magistrate. He was defended by Mr. Quelch, Mr. W. H. Poland being the prosecuting counsel. He was charged with having in his possession explosive substances with intent to endanger life. Colonel Majendie would be called to show, said Mr. Poland, that if one of the bombs found on Daley were exploded in a room every one present would suffer death or mutilation.

In both Egan's and Daley's cases, the examination was adjourned for the production of further evidence.

### THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT DARMSTADT

ON Wednesday the Princess Victoria of Hesse Darmstadt, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse and the late Princess Alice, was married at Darmstadt to Prince Louis of Battenberg. The Princess was born at Windsor on April 5th, 1863, and consequently is twenty-one years of age. Since the death of the late Princess

Alice she has been a good deal in England, constantly staying with Her Majesty at Balmoral. Her husband, Prince Louis of Battenberg, is the son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, the Grand Duke's uncle, and consequently is cousin-german to his bride. His mother is the Princess Julie of Battenberg, and it is from her that Prince Louis, as well as his brothers and sisters, take their title. Prince Louis is not quite thirty years of age, having been born on May 24, 1854. He is a Captain of Hessian Artillery, but the chief work of his life has lain in the British Navy, which he entered in 1869, and now holds the rank of Lieutenant, having been appointed to the Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, last year. The betrothal took place on the 18th of June, last year, at Seeheim, near Darmstadt, and the marriage is generally stated to have been especially favoured by Her Majesty, who, it may be remembered, went over to Darmstadt to be present at the confirmation of the Princess Victoria and her sister. We may add that the Princess, like her aunt, the Crown Princess of Germany, is exceedingly fond of Art, and has shown considerable talent, not only in drawing and painting, but in modelling and sculpture. Prince Louis' brother, Prince Alexander, was chosen ruler of Bulgaria in 1879 by the National Assembly of that State, when it was separated from Turkey by the Treaty of Berlin.

For a week past—as we detail in "Court"—Darmstadt has been filled with Royal visitors to the marriage, and prominent amongst the visitors is the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, the third brother of the Czar, who last December was betrothed to the Princess Victoria's younger sister, the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse. He is twenty-six, and the Princess nineteen years of age. It was at first announced that the two marriages would take place at Darmstadt on the same day; but it was finally decided that the Grand Duke Sergius should be wedded at St. Petersburg, where the ceremony will be celebrated on June 15th.

A brief account of the Princess Victoria's marriage ceremony will be found in another column; but next week we hope to publish a more detailed narrative, together with sketches of the chief incidents by our special artist.

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Those of the Prince and Princess of Battenberg and Princess Elizabeth by Carl Backofen, 37, Kieleselstrasse, Darmstadt; and that of the Grand Duke Sergius by Ch. Bergamasco, 12, Newsky Prospect, St. Petersburg.

### THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

SOME account of this Exhibition, from the catalogue of which we publish some illustrations, will be found on page 427.

### NOTES FROM THE SOUDAN

THE Province of Senaar, which is now overrun by the followers of the Mahdi, lies in the angle between the White and the Blue Niles above Khartoum. The towns lie chiefly along the banks of the Blue Nile, the chief being known as Senaar. Colonel Stewart, in his report on the Soudan, gives a very unflattering account both of the place and people. Thus for six or seven months of the year the district offers the aspect of a sterile waste, but as soon as the rain falls, the arid and dreary waste becomes a sea of mire, and on this, without any preparation, is sown the *dhura*, the characteristic produce of the province. In three months and a half—at the end of October—the whole place is covered with ripe grain, and the harvest is gathered. Senaar has a history dating as far back as Herodotus, who describes the people as the *Macrobii*—the most remote of the Ethiopians, whose gold provoked the cupidity of Cambyses. Until last year Senaar preserved its independence—slavery being one of the chief conditions of social life. At present the inhabitants have scarcely any other occupation than that of cultivating the ground, though the actual labour is all done by slaves. The upper classes live a life of indolence and dissipation, and all classes are given to intoxication. As to the town of Senaar itself, the houses are built of sun-dried bricks, and roofed with *halfa*, a species of grass, *dhura* straw, or reeds. Formerly there were many two-storied houses, but now few remain. The architecture, however, is still far superior to that of the surrounding countries.

Kassala, which is now being actively besieged by the Arabs, was built about 1840, after the annexation of Taka by Egypt, and is strongly fortified after Arab fashion; and though the walls, which are built of mud and brick and loopholed for musketry, are utterly incapable of resisting artillery, they are considered by the natives to be impregnable. The houses of the town are poor, being built of unbaked brick, smeared with clay and cow-dung. Kassala, being situated almost on the Abyssinian frontier, is considered an important military station. Thence run direct roads both to Suakim and to Khartoum, as well as to Abyssinian territory. The inhabitants, exclusive of the garrison, number 8,000.

Our other sketches represent a scout of the Hadendowa tribe, which has furnished Osman Digna with some of his most intrepid followers; a portrait of Wad el Kerin Bey, Chief of the Shukeriyeh tribe, whom General Gordon lately created Governor of Khartoum; while the last illustration depicts the palace at Khartoum, now the residence of General Gordon. It is constantly fired at by the rebels from across the river, where they muster in force. This building is naturally the handsomest edifice in Khartoum, which, except for a few mansions belonging to Turks, Copts, and Arabs, consists mainly of miserable houses, built of sun-dried clay, cemented with cow-dung and straw.

COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

AND

THE ORATORY, BROMPTON

See page 429.

"DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 433.

### A RAILWAY SURVEY PARTY IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

THE sketches from which these engravings are taken are by Mr. Goddard F. Gale, of Millford, Manitoba. He informs us that, when the Western portion of the Canadian Pacific Railway was being laid out, he was one of the Hon. F. W. Aylmer's party, whose mission it was to cross the Rocky Mountains and explore the Selkirk Range, which is divided from the Rockies by the Columbia River. The object was to discover whether it was practicable to carry the railway along this route. The party spent just a year, from June, 1882, to June, 1883, in the wildest part of the mountains.

There always seems to be some town in the United States which is famous or infamous for the lawlessness of its inhabitants. Thirty years ago such places were found in the longitude of St. Louis; when Mr. Hepworth Dixon travelled in the Far West, Denver was a very rowdy city; now Bismarck, on the Northern Pacific Railway, is celebrated as one of the wildest places in the Union, and as being the scene of many affrays between Montana cow-boys and desperadoes of all kinds.

On the Upper Missouri, near the mouth of the Yellowstone, the survey party came in sight of a herd of buffaloes, now becoming a rare spectacle, because these noble creatures are slaughtered in the most reckless manner for the sake of their skins. Many shots were

fired from the steamer, but the throbbing of the engines prevented steady aiming.

It is a common sight on most of the sand-bars of these rivers to see a solemn conclave of cranes assembled together.

On reaching the summit-level of the Rockies the troubles of the survey party began, as they had literally to cut their way through to the Columbia River without guides. The chief of the Expedition, the Hon. F. W. Aylmer, "blazed" the trail (*i.e.* marked the trees) ahead, and all hands followed through the heavy bush at the rate of nearly two miles a day, fording the mountain torrents when practicable, and bridging when they were too rapid or rocky to get the horses over.

Presently their supplies of food ran out, and they had the choice of horse, porcupine, or nothing. Having been on half and quarter rations for some days, they chose porcupine, and very good it was.

In October they went into winter quarters on the Columbia River. It was none too soon, for heavy snow fell in November, and continued till there was a depth of four feet, and they were snowed in from the outer world. However, what with fishing, snow-shoeing, trapping, &c., the party continued to pass five months of enforced isolation and idleness pretty merrily.



SIR EVELYN BARING arrived in London from Egypt on Sunday evening, and has since had frequent conferences with Lord Granville.

ON MONDAY, at Dover, the Duke of Cambridge inspected, and, in a cordial speech, welcomed home the York and Lancaster Regiment on its return from the Soudan.

ONE OF THE VACANT GARTERS will, it is said, be conferred on Lord Sydney, Lord Steward of the Household.

ADDRESSING, at Winchester on Monday, the North Hants Conservative Association, Lord Carnarvon concluded a speech full of censure of the Government with some criticisms on the Franchise Bill, which would, he said, whether for good or for evil, extinguish the influence of the farmers as a class.

ON THE GROUND that his candidature in the Liberal interest has produced "great family feeling and dissension," and out of respect for the memory of his brother, the late Duke of Marlborough, Lord Alfred Churchill announces to the electors of Woodstock that he has given up his intention of seeking to represent them in the House of Commons.

A SUM OF 3,000/-, 2,000/- of which have been already subscribed, is to be presented by his friends and admirers to Mr. H. Richard, M.P., on retiring from the Secretaryship of the Peace Society.

AT A MEETING OF MANAGING OWNERS OF STEAMSHIPS in the United Kingdom, held yesterday, at Newcastle, resolution was passed approving of the proposal to lay up one-fourth of the tonnage in view of the present condition of the freight market for steamships. There were fourteen votes for the resolution and three against it, but the great majority of those present abstained from voting.

THE COURT OF ALDERMEN, without even one dissentient, have decided on co-operating with the Court of Common Council in strenuous opposition to the London Government Bill.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS, at its last meeting, was memorialised by several Vestries and District Boards to introduce a Bill into Parliament for the abolition of bars and gates in the London thoroughfares. The same Board invites tenders for a new Three per Cent. Loan of 1,900,000/-, at the minimum price of 97½.

PRESIDING at the seventy-ninth general meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., referred, in the course of a discursive speech, to over-pressure in schools, which he thought existed mainly in the case of young children who had not received any previous training, and were over-pressed in the attempt to bring them up to the level of the other pupils. The remedy, he said, was to be found in an increase and improvement of infant schools.

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY propose to appoint a competent inspector to investigate and report on the school-instruction given in geography at home and abroad.

ON TUESDAY the final vote was taken in Oxford Convocation on the statute for admitting women to some of the University examinations, which has been more than once referred to in this column. There was no speaking; but the Sheldonian Theatre, in which the vote was taken, presented an animated spectacle. Ladies filled the galleries, with the exception of that crowded by undergraduates, and in the area there assembled nearly 800 members of Convocation, among them the Bishop of Chester, Canon Liddon, Mr. Robert Browning, and other persons of distinction—a larger muster than has been known for many years. On a division, the statute was affirmed by a majority of 141, the numbers being 464 for, and 321 against. The announcement of the result was received with great enthusiasm.

AS ONE OF THE RESULTS of the financial success of the last meeting, the National Rifle Association is to increase this year by 1,200/- the 7,000/- which, exclusive of Challenge Cups, was shot for last year. There will be a new series of evening prizes to be shot for after 5.30 P.M.

IT IS PROPOSED to establish an Institute of London Underwriters to promote generally the interests of that body, and more particularly to prevent and punish the perpetration of frauds in the sphere of marine insurance.

THE KEW COMMITTEE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY propose to test, and report on, at a moderate cost, the performance of British-made watches, and to award to those of superior excellence certificates of merit, which will possess an equal value with those granted to Swiss and American watchmakers by the Geneva and Yale College Conservatories respectively.

AT THE FIRST MEETING of the new Society for the Study and Cure of Inebriety, of which Dr. Norman Kerr is President, and the formation of which was previously recorded in this column, Lord Shaftesbury and Sir Lyon Playfair were amongst the speakers.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER laid last week in the Hampstead Road a new wing of the London Temperance Hospital, which excludes alcohol in every form, from both the medicine and the dietary of its inmates.

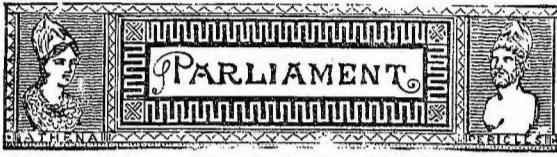
ON FRIDAY, last week, while the officers of the Highland Light Infantry were at mess in the Ship Street Barracks, Dublin, which are close to the Castle, a canister filled with gunpowder and slugs loudly exploded, shattering the windows of the adjacent kitchen, but doing, whatever may have been intended, no other mischief.

WHILE SOME CONVICTS were engaged in shoring a damaged arch, one of several supporting the elevated causeways connecting the two blocks of parallel buildings forming the new barracks at Portsmouth, it gave way, and nearly the whole of the causeway falling in with it, six of the labourers were severely injured.

EARLY ON SATURDAY MORNING a considerable portion of the well-known and most extensive premises of Mr. William Whiteley,

the "Universal Provider," of Westbourne Grove, were destroyed by fire. This is the third time in a year and a-half that the same disaster has happened to him. Mr. Whiteley, who became a spectator of the conflagration soon after its commencement, expressed himself unable to account for its origin. He estimated his loss in goods alone as possibly reaching 150,000*l.*; the damage done to buildings and fixtures at the same sum; to this also might amount the loss by the destruction of the Pantechicon, in which customers store their goods at their own risk. There was no loss of life, and only one of the many firemen engaged suffered serious injury.

**THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK** includes the death of Mr. Michael Thomas Bass, head of the world-famous firm of brewers of the beverage which bears his name, at the age of 84; of Sir Michael Thomas Costa, the celebrated musical conductor and composer, in his 75th year; of Viscount Torrington, Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, and formerly to the late Prince Consort, whose Governorship of Ceylon from 1847 to 1850 was marked by native disturbances, in his 73rd year; of Mr. H. R. Janisch, Governor of the Island of St. Helena; of the Rev. John Henry Blunt, well-known by various contributions to theological literature, among them an annotated edition of the Book of Common Prayer, and a History of the Reformation of the Church of England, at the age of 61; of Professor Morgan, who filled for twenty-one years the Chair of Theology in the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen, and had been one of the most prominent leaders of the Disestablishment movement in Wales, at the age of 66; of the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, from his leadership of the Free Churchmen of the Scottish Highlands known as "the Apostle of the North," at the age of 75; of Mr. Mantell, the well-known cricketer, in his 44th year; of the Rev. W. C. Brown, a well-known Wesleyan minister, the author of several ingenious inventions, among them one for saving life at sea, and another for raising submerged vessels; of Mr. James Campbell, who as assistant to George Stephenson became eminent as an engineer, in his 81st year. One of his works was the tunnel under the Water Tower of the Crystal Palace. At the age of 75 he superintended the experimental trip of the first vessel fitted with machinery for the transport of frozen meat from Australia.



THE attempt to proceed with the Franchise Bill has formed the principal incident of the Parliamentary week, and has further illustrated the lamentable condition of manners which in these days marks the House. It will be useful to understand in the first place that the stage known as "moving Mr. Speaker out of the Chair" is a merely formal one. Mr. Speaker, unless he were more than mortal, would be exceedingly glad to move himself out of the Chair on occasions like the present. He has sat in it through seven mortal nights whilst the Bill was debated on the second reading. According to Parliamentary rule the principle of a Bill is debated on the second reading—that is to say, members agree that on the whole the measure submitted is necessary, and is calculated to meet the necessity. With its details they will deal in Committee. On the motion that the Speaker leave the Chair what happens (if anything does) is that members who do not find an opportunity during the second reading debate to deliver their speeches thereupon make them, or, if Obstruction is intended, those who spoke before now speak again. On the second reading Lord John Manners moved an amendment, not aimed at the principle of the Bill, but complaining that with it there was not introduced a measure for the Redistribution of Seats. According to the pie-crust Rules of Parliamentary debate, especially made to be broken, Mr. Raikes could not on the motion to go into Committee move an identical resolution. But he could move that it be an Instruction to the Committee to provide in the Bill for the Redistribution of Seats; and this he did, opening up the prospect of, it might be, another seven days' direful talk around the Bill.

It is not denied by the Conservatives that Mr. Raikes' amendment was identical in purport with that of Lord John Manners, and that it was designed to resuscitate the old debate. What they do plaintively protest against is that Mr. Gladstone should have been so very angry on the matter, and should have taken the course adopted by him in resenting it. Mr. Raikes spoke in an almost empty House. It had been filled at question time, but his rising was the signal for universal departure. When he sat down Mr. Gladstone rose, and setting forth in his tempestuous way the precise position of affairs, and frankly labelling Mr. Raikes' action "obstruction," declared that he, for his part, would have no share in the proceedings, and he advised his followers, by strict observance of silence, to frustrate the design of the enemy. This was, it must be admitted, from all Conservative points of view, an exceedingly awkward and even reprehensible proceeding. In the first place it laid bare their tactics, setting forth its meaning in words understood of the people. Secondly, they nourish a strict personal dislike for the Premier, and bitterly resented his masterful reproof. Lastly, and not least, it put them in a serious difficulty. Official communication had been made on Friday to the Liberal Whip that no division would be taken on Monday. That great rush of Conservative oratory which Sir Stafford Northcote had on the second reading restrained with difficulty, was now no longer to be held in hand, and the seven nights' debate on Redistribution raised by Lord John Manners's amendment would certainly be supplemented by two nights upon Mr. Raikes's.

The Premier's flank movement had altogether altered the state of affairs. The tactics of the Conservative Opposition were borrowed from the Parnellites. But happily there is only one Healy, one Biggar, and one Sexton. To these gentlemen, more especially if they have the advantage of a Blue Book in hand, it is of no consequence whether others join in the debate or forbear. Conservative orators require for their sustentation through a whole sitting that "pabulum" which Mr. Gladstone angrily refused to supply them with. Something was made out of a motion for the adjournment, which, thanks to the extraordinary forbearance of the Speaker and the practical ignoring of the new Rule dealing with motions of this kind, disposed of a full hour. Mr. Tom Collins heroically held the breach for another hour and a quarter with a speech that had an audience of less than a score. After this the proceedings collapsed, and a division being taken, Mr. Raikes's amendment was rejected by a majority of twenty-seven.

Hereupon has arisen a new controversy which painfully marks the decadence of Parliamentary manners. It is alleged on the Liberal side that an undertaking was formally given by the Conservative Whip that no division would be taken on Monday night. Upon this understanding seventy or eighty Liberals left the House, and learned to their indignant surprise on the next morning that a division had been taken, with the apparent result of reducing the Liberal majority by three-fourths. The original understanding is not denied on the Conservative side. But it is alleged that Mr. Gladstone's procedure changed everything, that in undertaking to carry on the debate for two nights, the Conservatives counted on the assistance of Liberal speakers, and failing that there was nothing to do but to divide. All this is very sad, and no improvement is promised. There is talk of another Vote of Censure, the sole result of which would be to appropriate, possibly, a whole

week of public business. On the other hand the Government will immediately institute regular morning sittings for attempted progress with the Franchise Bill, and will at no distant date yield to the clamour of their supporters, and take the Bill *de die in diem*. We are clearly only at the beginning of a physical struggle which will further reduce the authority of the House of Commons in the public estimation.

On Tuesday the Cattle Diseases Bill was taken in Committee, and what in these times ranks as a distinct measure of progress was achieved. Mr. Dodson introduced an amendment designed to counterbalance the decision arrived at by the House on the previous Tuesday, which tied the hands of the Privy Council in the matter of the importation of foreign cattle. Nothing is more common in private conversation on the Bill than to hear members on both sides agree that the difference between the Lords' Amendment and the original text of the Bill was the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. Nevertheless, one side has stuck with stern decision to tweedledum, and the other has declared its readiness to die rather than abandon tweedledee. The difference, whatever it may have been originally, is, admittedly, greatly reduced by the amendment of the Chancellor of the Duchy. But still the contest raged with unvarying severity though the position of the combatants was altered. On Tuesday in last week the County members came back to their allegiance, and the Government found themselves confronted by fifty determined members of large borough constituencies. The Conservatives and the Irish members having accepted Mr. Dodson's amendment the issue was clear, and the clause as amended, first by Mr. Heneage, and next by Mr. Dodson, was added to the Bill by an overwhelming majority.

Question time has been marked by the accustomed engagement of the outposts. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's thirst for information about Egypt remains unquenchable, and very little refreshment is afforded him by the Government. But whilst the irregular forces have thus constantly engaged the enemy it has been noticeable that Sir Stafford Northcote and, more remarkable still, Lord Randolph Churchill, have refrained from interposition. This is well understood to be "the torrent's stillness ere it dash below." At the end of last week Mr. Bourke, as spokesman of the Front Bench, drew from the Premier a statement, which, interpreted by events, has turned out to mean that British forces were not to be sent to Berber, and that till the Nile rises in July no effort can be made to relieve General Gordon. On Thursday papers bringing information up to a recent date were laid before Parliament, and it is upon these when they have been digested that the Conservative Party intend once more to try a fall with a Government who, when their existence is challenged, can still muster a majority of fifty.

Wednesday afternoon was very pleasantly engaged in discussion of cremation, a subject not attractive of itself, but lighted up by the wide knowledge of Sir Lyon Playfair, the grim humour of the Home Secretary and Mr. Labouchere, and the flash of a bottle containing the remains of a cremated cow produced by Dr. Farquharson. On a division a second reading was refused to the Bill by 149 votes against 79.

#### MAGAZINES

##### I.

*Harper's* for May contains an appreciative analysis of the character and life-work of the "Kaiser Wilhelm," by Dr. Moritz Busch. He emphasises the steadfastness of purpose which is so marked a characteristic of the Emperor William, and shows him as the guardian angel of the Teutonic Liberals from 1860 to 1864, when he saved them from themselves and their country from the evils into which a want of foresight on their part would have plunged it. The moral of Dr. Busch's article is that a State, placed politically and geographically as Germany is, should firmly uphold the monarchical principle.—"Kairwan," by J. F. Jacassy, is sure to be read with interest just now. The writer seems to have been the only non-military European, except Mr. A. M. Broadley, who has visited the sacred city of Tunisia. So much curiosity is felt about the Arabs, and the possibility of a Mussulman revival, that Mr. Jacassy's paper should be appreciated.—Among tales of "spooks," "The Rival Ghosts," by Brander Matthews, deserves a prominent place. A Mr. Elijah Duncan inherits a house-ghost attached to property inherited from his mother's family, and, coming into a Scotch barony, has the hereditary ghost of the Duncans in attendance on his person. The troubles that arise from the conflict of the two spirits are described with genuine humour.

In *The Century* Mr. Julian Hawthorne in "The Salem of Hawthorne" describes the scenery and surroundings amid which his father did most of his best work, although it would appear that the author of "The Scarlet Letter" was not a very accurate observer of the smaller details of Nature or of architecture.—Mr. Henry James commences a new story, "The Lady Barberina," illustrating the social perplexities arising from the matrimonial union of an American millionaire and an English earl's daughter. Of the sad warfare between the Indians of the West and the United States troops, Lieutenant C. E. S. Wood gives an instructive and well-written narrative under the heading of "Chief Joseph, the Nez-Percé."—We may also notice some pretty verses, "In After Days," by Mr. Austin Dobson.

To the *Atlantic Monthly* an article on "Matthew Arnold as a Poet" is contributed by Harriet Watson Preston. This lady's criticism is friendly; but she thinks it the most noteworthy feature of Mr. Arnold's poetical work that "that work was never immature. . . . It is all the more wonderful, therefore, as measuring Mr. Arnold's vitality and versatility, that he should have unstrung his lyre only to enter with unsuspected energy into a new career, and win equal, if not greater distinction, as a writer of critical and didactic prose."—"Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton," is an addition to the mass of criticism evoked by the Earl of Lytton's "Life" of his father; the article is very well done.

This month of May sees a recruit for the already crowded ranks of the magazines in *Eastward Ho!* The motive of its publication is explained in an "Introduction" by the Editor, and in a prefatory notice by the Bishop of Bedford. *Eastward Ho!* does not, as might be supposed, treat of China or India, but of the East End of London, and aims at bridging over the gulf that divides the East and West of the metropolis—the well-to-do from the poor. The plan of the magazine appears to have been well conceived, and there is good promise of its being well carried out. "Sunday's Dinner," by Mr. G. R. Sims, is a sad picture, but not without its bright sides; for, says Mr. Sims in conclusion, "with all the troubles and all the shifts, and pinching, and struggle, and disappointment, I question if, on the Day of Rest, when rich folks sit at groaning tables, and well-to-do families gather together to eat, drink, and be decorously merry, there are any of them who so thoroughly enjoy the Sunday's dinner as the one-roomed feasters in the melancholy slums of London."—"A Remedy for Overcrowding," by a Working Man, is noticeable, and a serial story, "Kilfeathers; a Tale of a Ten-roomed House," by Mr. G. Manville Fenn, promises well.

*Outing* is not exactly a new magazine, for the issue for May is No. I. in the fourth volume; but it now makes its first appearance on this side of the Atlantic. *Outing* is devoted to the literature of outdoor sports—bicycling, canoeing, archery, &c. There are also two serial stories, and the magazine is profusely illustrated in the characteristic style of American wood-engraving. Of the shorter articles, "Reminiscences of Alaska Canoeing," by Lieutenant C. E. S. Wood, is the brightest.



VIOLET-GATHERING ON THE HILL-SIDE is the poetical "hard labour" imposed on the convicts in prison at Simla, the Indian Government summer station. The violets are used for making sherbet.

THE RIVAL SALON of the French "Independent Artists" opens on May 15th, in the temporary buildings in the courtyard of the old Tuilleries, and here will be housed many of the contributions rejected by the jury of the regular Salon.

SIX STORKS HAVE APPEARED IN BERKSHIRE this week—rare visitors to England. The birds came apparently from the Hampshire coast to the marshy lands near Newbury, where they settled in some water-meadows, a short distance from the town.

THE "FROG BONNET" AND THE "ARTICHOKE BONNET" are two spring novelties in Paris—more novel than beautiful. "Froggy" repose in a nest of grass in the front of the head-gear, and the artichokes are either represented as a miniature bouquet or one life-sized vegetable forms the whole bonnet. The latter arrangement looks very charming on a pretty blonde, we are told.

A SLEEPLESS MAN is arousing great excitement in the Transatlantic town of Wheeling, Western Virginia. Since January 1st a carpenter, sixty years old, has never slept an hour consecutively, or more than ten hours altogether, yet he remains hale and healthy, and is as able to work as if he regularly enjoyed a good night's rest. He has been carefully watched, but no deception has yet been discovered.

THE LAST VESTIGES of the picturesque Judengasse, at Frankfort, will vanish within the next few weeks, and notably the famous home of the Rothschilds, as the family have lost the lawsuit they brought against the Municipal Council to prevent its demolition. A large oil-painting of the house and the surrounding quarter has, however, been executed for the Rothschilds to preserve some accurate memento of the cradle of their family.

A MAN WITH HIS HEART ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE BODY has been discovered in Philadelphia. He suffers no particular trouble from this important organ being misplaced, except a slight palpitation and an increased appetite, and has been told that the phenomena will not affect the duration of his life. Within the last five years nine cases of hearts in the wrong place have been reported from different parts of the world.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, in the Regent's Park, now contain 2,398 creatures, according to the Society's latest annual report—731 mammals, 1,398 birds, and 269 reptiles. The Society flourishes financially, and though last year's receipts of 28,966*l.* were less than during the previous twelve months—increased in a great measure by the Jumbo craze—they considerably exceeded the average. The visitors numbered 743,485 against 849,776 in 1882, and 648,694 in 1881. The chief event of the year was the opening of the new reptile-house, which answers admirably.

THE LATE JAVA EARTHQUAKE has been minutely studied by a Dutch engineer, officially sent out by the Government, and his report gives most interesting details respecting the causes and effects of the volcanic eruptions in Sunda Straits. Beginning on Aug. 20, they attained the maximum on the 27th, when the sound of the reports could be heard in Ceylon and Australia, thus travelling over a surface of 2,049 miles, and forming a circle representing the fifteenth part of the whole surface of the globe. It was the fall of the enormous mass of cinders thrown out by the eruption, rather than an earthquake proper, which altered the position of the Straits.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY was visited last year by 850,000 persons on the public days, the daily average being 4,104, while 21,192 people were admitted on students' days (Thursday and Friday). Exclusive of water-colour drawings, the Gallery now contains about 940 pictures; and it is curious to note that only fifty of these paintings were copied, although students made 800 oil copies, besides partial studies. As usual, Greuze's "Girl with the Apple" was most in favour, being copied sixteen times, while Murillo's "Peasant Boy" and Sir J. Reynolds' "Infant Samuel" were respectively copied thirteen and twelve times. Loans of pictures were made to the National Portrait Gallery, the Irish National Gallery, to the Glasgow and Dundee Corporations, and to nine provincial exhibitions.

THE PRECIOUS ANCIENT HEBREW MANUSCRIPTS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT lately discovered in Russia are being carefully examined by Dr. Harkavy at St. Petersburg, and the Doctor declares the old text to disagree considerably with the revised version, and in some cases to be superior. There are 51 parchments, evidently of varying age, and the characters differ greatly, for some letters are unlike any known form, and others resemble those used at Jerusalem in the first century B.C., while the most recent date from the second century after Christ. Dr. Harkavy is much inclined to attribute the MSS. to a Jewish colony isolated from the rest of their race. The parchments were brought by a sailor, whose father had found them at Rhodes thirty years ago after a great fire, and the man was unwilling to part with the MSS., regarding them as an amulet.

INDEFATIGABLE DR. SCHLIEMANN IS AGAIN IN LUCK. He has discovered a huge pre-historic palace at Tiryns, the ruins of the city built, according to tradition, by the Cyclops for Pretus as a companion to the city of Argos, and where Hercules was brought up. Tiryns is not far from Nauplia, on the way to Argos, and Dr. Schliemann's latest find occupies the entire upper Acropolis. The palace has innumerable columns—one capital found is one of the most ancient Doric order yet known—and the floors and walls are well preserved, so that Dr. Schliemann's colleague, Dr. Dörpfeld, is copying the wall paintings. Most interesting primitive representations of men and animals are visible on the vases. Talking of archaeological discoveries, Professor Maspero has lately discovered at Saggarah, on the Nile, a tomb dating from the sixth Egyptian dynasty, and which, from its contents, he considers of the greatest importance to the religious history of the country.

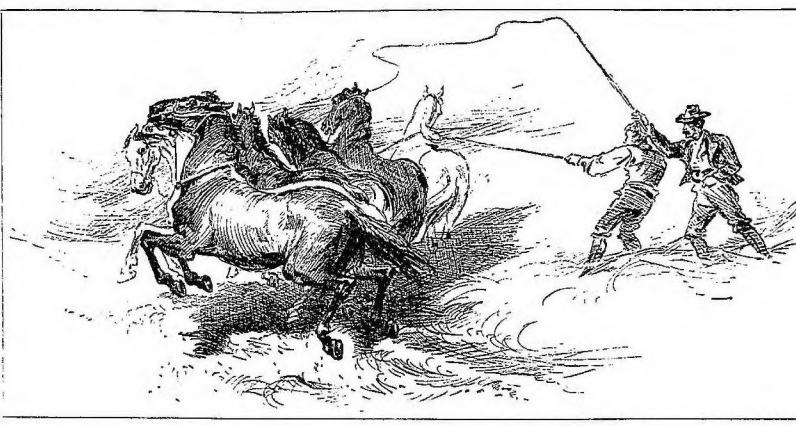
LONDON MORTALITY slightly increased last week, and 1,660 deaths were registered against 1,649 during the previous seven days, a rise of 11, being 19 below the average, and at the rate of 21·6 per 1,000. These deaths included 12 from small-pox (an increase of 1), 95 from measles (a rise of 16), 30 from scarlet fever (an increase of 7), 17 from diphtheria (a fall of 1), 117 from whooping-cough (a decline of 12), 3 from typhus fever, 15 from enteric fever (a fall of 1), 3 from ill-defined forms of fever (an increase of 2), 6 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 8), and two from simple cholera. Deaths referring to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 327, against 318 the previous week, but were 61 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 54 deaths; 45 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 20 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, and 9 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Six cases of suicide were registered. The age of a deceased inmate of the Marylebone Workhouse, whose death was registered last week, was stated to be 100 years. There were 2,807 births registered, against 2,568 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 9. The mean temperature of the air was 40·6 deg., and 7·6 deg. below the average.



"KILCHURN CASTLE, LOCH AWE"  
(Keddy Halswell)



"TOM PINCH AND RUTH"  
(C. Green)



"CORN THRESHING AND WINNOWING ON THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA"  
(Chas. H. Poingdestre)



"A FAIRY TALE"  
(G. A. Storey, A.R.A.)



"POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS OF THE LAW"  
(S. T. Dadd)



"AN IDYLL"  
(John Tenniel)



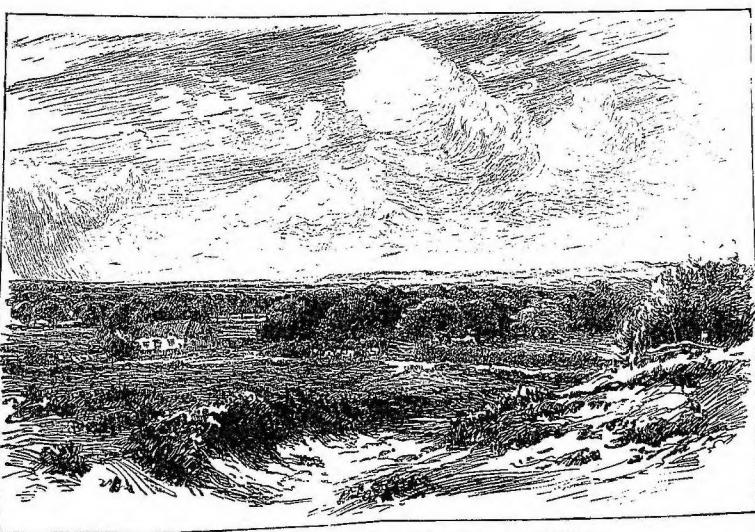
"THE GARLAND"  
(Miss Edith Martincau)



"A GLIMPSE OF THE CLYDE FROM ABOVE HELENSBURGH"  
(Alfred East)



"PASSEGGIO"  
(Ludwig Passini)



"THE NEW FOREST FROM NEAR LYMPHORD: AFTERNOON"  
(Thomas Collier)



"RETURNING FROM MARKET, CONNEMARA"  
(W. Small)



ENGLAND having proposed a Conference of the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin to settle the financial affairs of EGYPT, the various European Powers who have been invited have been considering the matter each in its own way. Russia and Italy, who always appear to gain something out of every European difficulty, have accepted at once; Turkey is hesitating, upon the plea that the affairs of one of her dependencies hardly form a matter for international regulation; Germany and Austria, with characteristic prudence, decline to commit themselves until they learn what France intends to do; while that country, whose interests in Egypt are only second to our own, and to her mind are infinitely greater, is apparently perplexed as to her mode of action. For many months past the French newspapers official and popular, have been girding at England's policy in Egypt, and of late their tone has become extremely aggressive. It is one thing, however, to find fault and another to suggest a remedy, so that France feels that, unless she can come forward with some definite plan, it will be of no use whatever objecting to British action. Such a plan M. Ferry does not seem in any hurry to put forth, for on its nature and its ultimate success rests the stability of the Cabinet and of his Premiership. He has, however, intimated that he considers that the deliberations should not be confined to financial matters. France has spent two years in regretting her refusal to join England against Arabi, and would never pardon a Minister who failed to make use of any chance by which she might regain some of her old influence in Egypt. Of course no one believes that the Conference is to be summoned simply for the sake of raising a loan, but all regard it as an excuse for deciding graver issues—a wily device of England, perhaps, to obtain a European mandate to assume a Protectorate, perhaps to induce other nations to share responsibilities which have become too heavy for her. Mr. Gladstone's constant repudiation of a Protectorate, however, have inclined the world in general and the French Press in particular to accept the latter hypothesis, and that in terms not flattering to England and her *amour propre*.

Meanwhile from EGYPT Proper news is as unsatisfactory as ever. Nothing has been heard from Khartoum, and the tide of insurrection has so advanced that the Governor of Berber, who vainly appealed for help, the proposed despatch of which the British Government sternly vetoed, has been ordered to abandon the town and make the best of his way down the Nile to Assuan. At Cairo all is quiet, though there has been some insubordination amongst the black troops, and it is believed that Zebehr Pasha is busily intriguing in the Soudan. From Suakin we hear that Osman Digma is at Handuk, with 2,000 men, awaiting the departure of the British troops, whom he intends to swoop down upon the unfortunate Egyptian garrisons.

In FRANCE home topics have been the opening of the Salon, the reassembling of the International Conference on Electrical Units, and the parting fling at the Prefect by the Paris Municipal Council before its dissolution. By an overpowering vote, the councillors decided that that obnoxious official should not reside at the Hotel de Ville. The only dramatic novelties have been a five-act drama at the Beaumarchais, by M. Auguste Générès, entitled *Le Marchand d'Habits*; a piece, *La Bianca*, in four acts, by Madame Marie Colombier, at the Grand Théâtre de Versailles; and a five-act comedy at the Vaudeville, by M. Alphonse de Launay, entitled *Le Quinzième Hussards*. From Tonkin there is little news. M. Patenôtre, the new French Minister to China, has left for Pekin. It is stated that he will demand an indemnity of 5,000,000. Should this be refused, arbitration will be proposed, Russia or the United States being the probable referee. A new Chinese Minister, Li-Fong-Pao, will, it is stated, replace the Marquis Tseng as Ambassador to Paris. The latter will remain accredited to London and St. Petersburg.

In GERMANY the wedding at Darmstadt, described in another column, has been the chief social topic, but in political circles some excitement has been caused by a statement during the debate in the Committee on the prolongation of the Socialist law that when the Emperor unveiled the great national monument on the Niederwald last autumn a large quantity of dynamite had been placed beneath the monument, and had only been prevented from exploding by the damp, a terrible catastrophe being thus averted. The culprit is stated to have been an Anarchist named Reindorf, who, with eight accomplices, has recently been arrested. The Government intend to bring a Bill into the Reichstag to restrict the manufacture and sale of explosives.

In SPAIN a frightful accident has occurred, which is generally attributed to the Anarchists. A bridge on the Badajoz Railway over the Almedia fell on Monday while a passenger train was passing over it. Upwards of fifty persons have been killed, and many wounded. The Government are exceedingly reticent on the subject, but it is confidently stated that one of the supports had been deliberately injured. Forty persons are still missing, and are supposed to have been drowned. The whole country, however, has been passing through a nervous fit of apprehension, but no disturbances have taken place at the numerous elections which have been held throughout the country, notwithstanding that the Government have carried matters with a very high hand, and have not scrupled to curtail many electoral privileges in places where it apprehended that disturbances might arise. King Alfonso has been severely indisposed with a cold, and has been confined to his bed. He is now, however, much better. A small armed body of refugees in France have entered Navarre, but troops were at once despatched against them, and eventually drove them back.

The most cheerful note this week in European circles has been struck by ITALY, which has opened its Exhibition at Turin with much rejoicing, despite the extraordinarily bad weather. The ceremony was performed by the King and Queen, and as President of the Exhibition, the Duke of Aosta (ex-King Amadeus of Spain) made a noteworthy speech. "Your heart," he said, addressing his brother, "that of a King and an Italian, will exult at the spectacle of a people over whom centuries of ruin and of suffering passed without weakening their constancy or diminishing their faith in the eternal right to unity and independence, and who had no sooner completed the arduous struggle that obtained it, than with equal ardour they went forth to new battles, in which they fought with their talents and labour for the civil and economic restoration of their country. The celebrated words of Victor Emmanuel that 'the economic resurrection of the country must immediately follow its political resurrection'—are being fulfilled." The Exhibition seems to be in fair order, and the show of ceramics, of Venetian glass and mosaics, of silks, velvets, and of ornamental furniture, has surpassed expectation. Indeed, the whole display of Italian industries is marvellously good. The exhibits number 18,000. On Sunday, during a thunderstorm, a captive balloon was struck with lightning, and burst with a loud report. The spectators were very naturally greatly alarmed, but no casualties occurred.

The Crown Prince and Princess of AUSTRIA have returned to

Vienna after having had a most successful trip, being everywhere received with the greatest official and popular enthusiasm. In Bulgaria Prince Alexander entertained them at dinner at Rustchuk, while at Bucharest the King and Queen of Roumania *séjourned* them royally, there being a grand ball in their honour. At the banquet King Charles made a brief speech, declaring that "We hail the visit with the greater satisfaction in that we regard it as a fresh pledge of the bonds of amity so happily established between our respective States—a friendship to which we attach so high a value." The Crown Prince replied by drinking to the prosperity of their "great and beautiful realm, to which we are attached by great interests and the most cordial sympathy."

In INDIA Bengal has been greatly benefitted by a fairly plentiful rainfall which will be of inestimable service to the rice crops and the Darjeeling tea plants. For the indigo plantations, however, it is feared that the rain has come too late. In Calcutta the general health has much improved from the cessation of the drought, and the cholera and small-pox epidemics have greatly abated. The European quarter has been exceptionally free from these outbreaks, and this is considered to point to the important part in the propagation of cholera played by the foul water of the stagnant tanks, which constitute a standing danger to the native town. The Quetta railway works, now that the sanction of the Secretary of State has been received, are to be vigorously pushed forward, and it is expected that the line will be finished in two years. The works have not been at a standstill during the winter, but have been continued under the plea of an improvement to the road. A punitive expedition is to be sent against the Kakar Pathans.

With regard to MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, there has been a discussion in the Chamber in HOLLAND with reference to the Congo Treaty, by which it appears that the Dutch Government have made representations, both at Lisbon and London, in support of Dutch interests.—In SWITZERLAND the anti-Salvationist riots continue, and sixty persons have been tried at Neuville for disturbing the peace. Of these, fifteen Salvationists were sentenced to three days' imprisonment and fined 10 francs each. Their antagonists were sentenced to 15 days' imprisonment and fines of from 10 to 20 francs.—In TURKEY, Russia has proposed a Bulgarian official, M. Crestovich, as the new Governor-General for Eastern Roumelia.—In the UNITED STATES the inquiry into the loss of the *Daniel Steimann* has resulted in the captain, though proved to have been ordinarily a cautious navigator, being found guilty of imprudence in attempting to enter the Harbour of Halifax under the circumstances of the time. The New Orleans Exhibition building has been enlarged to 1,446,000 square feet, covering 33 acres. It is now larger than the London Exhibition of 1862, which only covered 23 acres.—In AUSTRALIA the French Transport of Criminals Bill continues to excite strong protests, and the Trades Union Congress is going to send a working-man delegate to England to appeal to the working men of the Old Country for assistance to prevent the threatened influx of criminals.—In SUMATRA a British force is to be sent—with the consent of the Dutch Government—against the insurgent Rajah at Aceh, who holds captive the crew of the *Nisero*. Of the sixteen sailors, four are stated to have succumbed to the privations to which they have been subjected.



THE marriage of the Princess Victoria of Hesse with Prince Louis of Battenberg was celebrated on Wednesday at Darmstadt before the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the members of the Grand Ducal Family, and a large gathering of Royal guests. For several days previously visitors had been arriving at Darmstadt. The Crown Princess of Germany, with her two eldest daughters and little granddaughter, Princess Feodore, came at the end of last week; the bridegroom, Prince Louis, arrived on Sunday; the Crown Prince and his son, Prince Henry, followed; and the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and their three daughters, came on Tuesday night. Owing to the Court mourning, the wedding festivities were considerably curtailed, and all formal receptions of guests forbidden; but Darmstadt was gaily decorated for the occasion with Venetian masts, pine-trees, garlands, and flags, and the Luisenplatz was converted into a regular floral tent, wreaths being carried from the Grand Duke Louis's Monument to the surrounding Venetian masts, and the electric light illuminating the scene on the eve of the wedding. Previous to the marriage the Princess Victoria spent most of her time with the Queen, and in inspecting and receiving wedding presents; while on Monday night the bridal party attended a festival concert. Next evening the bride and bridegroom were present at the gala performance of Mr. Mackenzie's *Colomba*; and subsequently the Royal party assembled at the residence of Prince Alexander, father of the bridegroom, for the usual reception and serenade on the "Polterabend," or eve of the wedding, which was celebrated much more quietly than is customary in Germany. On Wednesday afternoon the wedding pair first signed the civil contract before the State officials, the Queen, and the Royal Family, in a drawing room of the Palace; and the religious ceremony was then performed in the Court Chapel by the same clergyman who confirmed the bride some years ago. As the chapel is very small, all seats had to be removed, and a comparatively limited number of guests invited. A State Banquet followed in the Imperial Hall, the only toast being that of the Bridal pair; and the new-married couple subsequently left for a brief stay at Heiligenberg Castle, near Jugenheim. This castle formerly belonged to the late Empress of Russia, who bequeathed it to her brother, Prince Alexander, and the bride and bridegroom spent much of their childhood there. Their honeymoon will be short, as they are expected at their new house, Sennicott, near Chichester, this month, for Prince Louis to resume his naval duties.

Although present at the wedding ceremonies proper, the Queen did not attend any of the accompanying festivities. Her Majesty is much better for the change, and has been driving about the neighbourhood, frequently to the Grand Ducal country place at Kranichstein, and to the Princess Alice's mausoleum on the Rosenhöhe and visiting and receiving her various Royal relations. Princess Beatrice has again been to Frankfort, and has also inspected the Alice Memorial Hospital, while on Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service in German in the Palace, Dr. Sell officiating. The Queen and Princess will leave Darmstadt on Monday morning for Flushing, where they will embark on board the *Osborne*, and spend the night in the harbour, leaving for Port Victoria early on Tuesday. Her Majesty will go to Balmoral about the middle of the month for her birthday, which will be kept in London on the actual anniversary—May 24.

Before leaving for Germany the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters came up to town from Sandringham on Saturday, and visited the Duchess of Albany at Claremont. Next day they attended Divine Service, and on Monday were joined by Prince Albert Victor from Cambridge, while Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and the Duke of Cambridge visited the

Prince and Princess. In the evening the Royal party left London for Port Victoria, and crossed during the night in the *Osborne* to Flushing, travelling thence straight to Darmstadt.—Prince George arrived at Bermuda in the *Canada* last Wednesday.



#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY

I.

THE impression produced by a hasty inspection of the galleries in Burlington House is rather disappointing. It is needless to say that among the 1,856 works comprised in the collection, there are many of great artistic value, and a more deliberate examination will doubtless disclose the existence of several that have hitherto escaped us; but it is certain that some of the artists from whom we have been accustomed to look for the highest achievements are not this year quite at their best. Nor has any of the numerous painters whose names are less familiar to the public made a very striking advance on his previous productions. The average quality of work by the younger artists of our school is unquestionably constantly rising, but there is nothing in this way so surprising as the pictures of Mr. W. L. Wyllie, Mr. Logsdail, and Mr. Waterhouse in last year's exhibition. The exhibition as a whole would undoubtedly have created a more favourable impression if greater care had been exercised in the arrangement of the works; instances of injudicious hanging, to some of which we shall allude later, are more numerous than usual.

One of the largest and most effective pictures in the first gallery is Mr. Peter Graham's mountainous landscape "Dawn." The rapidly rising mist which obscures a portion of the scene is extremely well rendered, and so also is the glow of warm light from the rising sun, but the lake in the foreground in which the sky is brightly reflected is not entirely free from crudity of tone. The central place on the opposite wall is occupied by a large picture, by Mr. Briton Rivière, called "The King and his Satellites," showing a lion of majestic proportions slowly stalking across a barren place with a troop of jackals slinking at his heels. The lion who stands out in strong relief against the evening sky is a magnificent specimen of his race, and, as well as the smaller animals, is drawn and painted with great skill and knowledge. Another example of this artist's unsurpassed skill in animal painting hangs in the same room. It represents a Huguenot maiden on "The Eve of St. Bartholomew," in what seems to be a cellar, with her arms clasped round the neck of a large bloodhound. The terror of the girl and the eager watchfulness of the dog are admirably expressed. Near it hangs a little picture of Oriental life, humorously expressive and in every way artistically treated, by Mr. J. E. Hodgson, "Flat Perjury." Nothing in its way could be better than the stolidity of the Arab who is giving evidence before a village judge, or the affected horror and indignation of his antagonist. An admirable half-length portrait of this artist, strikingly lifelike and painted in his best manner, by Mr. W. W. Ouless, is to be seen in another room. A bright and breezy sea view, "Wild Harbourage," by Mr. Hook; a capital picture of waves breaking on the sea shore, "Summer Twilight," by Mr. Colin Hunter; a characteristic picture of a small Scotch congregation listening to "A Sermon" on an eminence overlooking the sea, very luminous in tone, and in every way superior to his accustomed work by Mr. J. MacWhirter, and some good examples of the styles of Mr. Long, Mr. Boughton, Mr. G. D. Leslie, and others, we leave for another occasion.

On entering the second gallery the visitor is confronted by a very large picture by Mr. Sidney Cooper. It is called "Pushing Off for Tillbury Fort," but it really represents a group of cows and calves, the very small figures by the remote riverside occupying a very unimportant place in the composition. The animals are extremely well grouped, and they are less harsh in colour and execution than is customary with the artist. In this room hangs the best work that Mr. Millais exhibits here this year, being the half-length portrait of "Fleetwood Wilson, Esq.," who is represented standing in an easy attitude, with a gun under his arm. This is worthy to rank with the painter's best works of the kind. It shows the most penetrating perception of individual character, and is remarkable besides for its excellent keeping and glowing harmony of colour. In this respect it contrasts favourably with the portrait that Mr. Millais has painted for the Garrick Club of "Henry Irving, Esq." As a likeness the head, which is seen in profile, is excellent, but the flesh tints are chalky and rather opaque.—Mr. P. R. Morris has a pleasant picture of a little girl, dressed for an excursion, in white satin, with a watchful pug by her side. The head is charmingly childish in character, and the handling is broad and effective. It seems to us infinitely preferable to his feebly sentimental and rather garish "Crowns of Joy and Sorrow," showing a christening party emerging from a church, and passing a newly-made grave covered with garlands. In an admirable little picture, "Intruders," Mr. E. J. Gregory has depicted two young ladies in a boat, scared by the approach of some obtrusive swans. The scene is full of vivacity and movement; the colour throughout is charming, and the workmanship of the finest kind. A very large picture, in which labourers are seen raising huge stones into a cart, by Mr. H. T. Wells, appears to be the result of careful observation, but it is prosaic and uninteresting; it has no charm of colour, and the executive method is harsh and repellent.

The place of honour at the end of the third gallery has this year been accorded to the only contribution of Mr. Alma-Tadema, "Hadrian in England: Visiting a Romano-British Pottery." The picture is very large, and, as in several of the painter's works which include many figures, the composition is rather *bizarre*. In a gallery high up in the picture the Emperor stands, with courtiers beside him, examining a vase, and conversing with an obsequious British potter. A little removed from this central group are several richly-attired ladies. A stalwart man, very scantily clothed, mounts the stairs leading to the gallery, carrying a tray of variously-formed pots; while through an archway many other fair-haired potters are seen busily at work. There are passages of great beauty in the picture, and it unquestionably displays an infinite amount of learning and research; but it cannot be regarded as one of the painter's most successful works. The figures, if not especially spontaneous in their movement, are well designed; the rich draperies, the marbles, the mosaics, and the many-coloured vessels of clay, are painted with unsurpassable imitative skill; but these isolated beauties are not combined into a consistent and harmonious whole. The man's head which appears just above the frame at the bottom seems to us a particularly discordant element in the work. Passing over for the present some important works by Sir John Gilbert, Mr. Sant, Mr. Faed, Mr. Vicat Cole, and others, we come to the largest of Sir Frederick Leighton's pictures, "Cymon and Iphigenia." Iphigenia is not, as in Sir Joshua's picture of the same subject, nude, but completely enveloped in drapery of some soft, yielding fabric, that discloses the contour of her finely-formed limbs. With her attendant maidens asleep beside her, she lies gracefully extended; while Cymon, fascinated by her beauty, regards her

with a look of admiration and amazement on his foolish face. The picture is distinguished by great beauty of composition as well as fine draughtsmanship and complete modelling of form; but its uniform smoothness of texture and rather morbid suavity of colour detract something from its value. The scene of a picture by Mr. Millais, hanging opposite to this, called "An Idyll, 1745," is a wood in the neighbourhood of Culloden. An English drummer-boy sits leaning against a tree, and with an air of complacent self-satisfaction on his face, plays on a pipe, for the amusement of three little Scotch girls, who listen to his music with obvious pleasure. A boy belonging to another regiment looks with amusement on the scene. The heads of the girls have much beauty of an appropriate kind, and their attitudes are natural and skilfully varied, but the flesh tints are rather muddy, and the handling rather less masterly than in the artist's best works. Close by this is a picture of modern life by Mr. Orchardson, called "Mariage de Convenience," to which we shall refer on a future occasion, remarkable as much for its fine pictorial qualities as for its suggestiveness and expressive power. It is likely to be the most popular work in the Exhibition.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

##### I.

THE second Water-Colour Exhibition in the spacious Gallery in Piccadilly clearly shows the advantage of the liberal system which was inaugurated last year. While the members of the Royal Institute are generally extremely well represented, the works by the numerous other artists who have availed themselves of the privilege of exhibiting, are decidedly of a higher average than those which appeared in the First Exhibition here. It may be assumed accordingly that as so many pictures have been sent, a higher standard of merit has necessarily been fixed for admission. An especial feature of the display, and one that cannot fail to strike all who are interested in the progress of British Art, is the very large number of good works which it contains by painters hitherto unknown. Several of the most eminent figure painters belonging to the Institute having been long engaged on important oil pictures, their contributions to the present collection are necessarily small. The only work by the President, Mr. J. D. Linton, though of moderate dimensions, and representing only a single half-length figure, "Priscilla," is of rare excellence. The serene beauty of the Puritan maiden's face and the simplicity of her attitude constitute its chief charm; but it derives additional value from its delicate harmony of colour and broad but finished workmanship. Close by it hangs a strikingly truthful picture of English rural life, by Mr. G. Clausen, showing male and female peasants "Hoeing Turnips." It is agreeable to find that this very able artist, whose works have for some time past reflected the peculiarities of M. Bastien Lepage, has here derived his inspiration direct from Nature. The figures are true types of character, robust in form, and natural in movement, and they are in perfect keeping with the scene which they inhabit; the glowing flesh tints and the vivid green of the turnip-field behind are harmonised with remarkable skill. On the other side of Mr. Linton's picture hangs a small composition of Arabs and horses, by Mr. A. C. Gow, called "A Recruit for the Spahis." The scene is thoroughly Oriental in character, and the figures are well grouped and painted with the most elaborate care and completeness. Finished beauty of workmanship is one of many fine qualities in Mr. E. J. Gregory's half-length portrait of himself, called "A Look at the Model." The head, which wears a keenly-observant expression, is full of vitality, and the action of the figure thoroughly spontaneous and natural. In another picture, "A Morning Gallop," Mr. Gregory has depicted with extraordinary ability a graceful young lady rapidly riding along a country road on a tricycle, with a large spaniel scampering by her side. Both drawings are distinguished by refined beauty of colour and fine modelling of form.

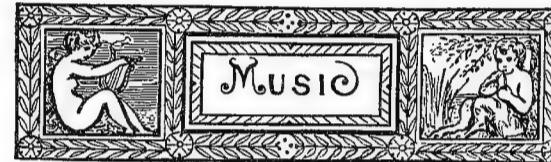
Mr. Seymour Lucas's only drawing, showing a stalwart blacksmith, with a defiant expression on his face, leaning against an anvil, is a capital study of character, rich in colour, and painted with breadth and mastery. Together with great skill in characterisation, the two pictures by Mr. Frank Dadd show a keen sense of humour. The scene of his "Pigtails and Powder" is a barrack-room of the last century. Here four soldiers are seen seated on a form, the foremost deliberately smoking his pipe, while each of the others is engaged in tying up the pigtail of the one immediately in front of him. The heads of these and of the subordinate figures are life-like and expressive, and their attitudes skilfully varied. Quaintly conceived like this and very artistically treated is the artist's second picture, "A Victim of Fashion." The victim is a large black poodle, who sits on a stool while an old man—evidently an artist in his way—clips him in the fantastic style which prevails in France. The two short-haired terriers who watch the operation with intense interest, as well as the patient poodle, are true types of canine character. Besides their excellent expressive qualities, these pictures are noteworthy for their general harmony of effect and the sound style in which they are executed. In every way they are greatly in advance of anything the painter has previously produced, and should help to win him his election as a Member of the Institute. In a small picture, finished with the most minute and fastidious care, Mr. Charles Green has admirably realised Dickens's description of "Tom Pinch and Ruth." The figures are designed with complete knowledge and skill, and all the accessory facts are appropriate; but the drawing wants tone, and seems to us rather over-laboured and "too precise in every part." Mr. John Tenniel's masterly power of drawing and severe simplicity of style are shown in "An Idyll," suggested by Pollock's "The Course of Time," in which boys are seen weaving fantastic flowers into the mane of a huge statuesque lion.

In a large drawing, entitled "Among the Missing," Mr. Walter Langley has depicted with very great ability the inhabitants of a Cornish fishing village receiving the news of a disaster at sea. It is remarkable for its fine pictorial qualities, as well as the dramatic power of realisation which it displays. The crudities of manner and the want of keeping which we have noticed in the artist's recently-exhibited works—and from which some of his drawings in the present collection are not entirely free—are not to be seen in this. In the disposition of the masses of colour and light and shade, as well as in the grouping of the figures, it bears evidence of thought and deliberate design. The story is graphically told, without exaggeration or false sentiment. The men and women who are assembled outside the village post-office show great diversity of character, but the gestures of all of them are thoroughly spontaneous and expressive. The picture is painted in a broad and effective style, without over-elaboration, but with no lack of completeness. We hear rumours which we hope may turn out to be true that the picture is likely to be purchased by the Royal Academy from the Chantrey Fund. Mr. T. Walter Wilson's drawing of "The President of the Royal Institute" is a good example of characteristic, unconventional portraiture. Mr. Linton is represented with a cigarette in his mouth, leaning against a stool in an easy and apparently an habitual attitude while engaged on a large picture. The head is so distinctly individualised that there can be no question as to its fidelity as a likeness. By Mr. Walter Crane there are two allegorical female figures, intended to typify "Evening" and "Morn." The attitudes of both are well chosen, and the draperies are artistically disposed; but their inaccuracies of design are

serious. The painter's imperfect knowledge of the human form is manifested in a third drawing of a nude male figure, "The Diver."

"Funeral March of a Hero" is the title of a large and impressive picture, by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, of a dilapidated old ship of war being towed up the river by several small steam-tugs. The murky atmosphere and the smoke are admirably rendered, and the picture is painted with breadth and unexaggerated force. Mr. C. E. Holloway has also depicted a stately old wooden three-decker in his drawing, "The Old Wellesley," not obscured by fog and smoke, but floating at anchor on a placid river under the influence of a clear sky. We have seen nothing by the painter so pure in tone as this or so luminous, except perhaps his view of "Lynn Regis," hanging in the same room. This is an admirable rendering of a very picturesque subject, full of light and air, and painted in a refreshingly simple and unaffected manner. A very large drawing of lake and mountain, by Mr. Joseph Knight, is entitled "Evening Glow"; but the rich pervading glow of evening light seems to us the only thing it wants. Notwithstanding, however, its unnecessary coldness of colour and its opacity in parts, it is an excellent example of landscape draughtsmanship, showing extreme accuracy in the delineation of natural form, together with a fine sense of style.

Besides several other drawings that we may notice later, Mr. J. Aumonier sends a view of a wide extent of undulating country from "Harting Down, Sussex," in which the impression of atmosphere and vast space is vividly rendered. Near it hangs a large view of "Llyn Pen Crag, North Wales," by Mr. E. M. Wimperis, full of movement, and forcibly painted in the style of Cox; and by Mr. Hampson Jones, an artist whose name is less familiar to us, a spacious "Sussex Landscape," in which the cool shadow that over-spreads the foreground, and the rich glow of the afternoon sun which suffuses the rest, are rendered with equal truth. Mr. J. Fulleylove, who has a keen appreciation of the especial beauty of stately formal gardens, sends an excellent picture, called "The Graces." The antique fountain, overgrown with moss, that gives the picture its title, the smooth green turf, and the long vista of cut trees are depicted with singular ability, and the picture derives an additional charm from its subdued harmony of tone and the pleasant sense of repose that pervades it. The collection includes other drawings by this artist; but, together with many other good works, they must remain for future notice. It should be mentioned that the catalogue is furnished with reproductions of about a hundred of the pictures, most of them being *fac-similes* of sketches supplied by the painters.



DR. STANFORD'S "THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS."—English opera took one more step in advance by the production on Monday, at Drury Lane Theatre, of Dr. Villiers Stanford's *The Canterbury Pilgrims*. The work may best be described as a symphonic opera, and a happy blending of the old style with the new. The absurdities of the old—the *recitativo secco*, the *aria*, ushered in by the inevitable *ritornello*, and concluded by the stereotyped *cadenza*, after which the pet of the footlights is expected to bow to the applause of the public or the *claque*, and sing the thing all over again—have been banished, as suitable only to librettos of the type made memorable by the Poet Bunn. Instead, "full closes" have almost entirely been dispensed with, the music flows on without break, and soloists, chorus, and orchestra meet on equal terms. A great part of the action is carried on by means of that species of dialogue-recitative made familiar to us through the medium of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*. Yet the interest of the music is maintained by a stream of delicious melody, mostly in the orchestra, while set *solo* and concerted pieces are only allowed when the situation permits them. *The Canterbury Pilgrims* is permeated with an old English flavour, chiefly by the use made of the tune of the famous old thirteen century "rota," "Sumer is i cumenin," preserved among the Harleian Manuscripts. This melody, the oldest English song extant, is sung by the 'prentices under the window of Hubert's beloved Cicely as the opera opens. It is interrupted by Cicely's father, Geoffrey, landlord of the Tabard Inn, where presently arrive the Knight, Merchant, Clerk, and other pilgrims of Chaucer's Tales. The chorus, in which the women exchange banter with the jolly pilgrims, is admirably contrasted, and the situation is cleverly constructed. Presently comes Hal o' the Chepe, who confides to his master, the aged beau, Sir Christopher, a plan he has formed of carrying off Cicely on the road to Sidenbourne. A clever sextet is followed by a bustling chorus, in which the pilgrims march off. They are followed by Hubert and the 'prentices, disguised as monks, but singing and dancing their quaint "rota," and determined to protect the maiden. In the second act we are at Sidenbourne, and, after another effective chorus, the pilgrims and villagers obey the hint of the curfew, and retire to bed. Then arrives Hubert to sing a delicious serenade beneath the chamber window of his beloved, and, in a comical song and duet, to send her father on a wild goose chase around the village. The stage is left clear for the young couple to sing the inevitable love duet, an entirely original musical conception, in which, if passion be absent, the ardent nature of the youth is admirably contrasted with the pure and maidenly character of the heroine. The knight's wife, Dame Margery, however, appears, and a plot is concerted for the discomfiture of the aged beau. Here Cicely's apostrophe to the "Dawn of the young day" is one of the most beautiful songs which a British composer has yet given us. The knight, blindfolded, makes love by error to his own wife, and he sings his "Plaint"—another ear-haunting melody which recalls Beckmesser's celebrated song in *Die Meistersinger*—to a party of knaves assembled to beat him. In the last act of all the scene in the justice-room is deprived of monotony by the admirable "business" of the surging crowd of spectators. Hubert is sentenced by the aged knight to imprisonment for the abduction of Cicely, but the knight's wife turns the tables, and "Sumer is i cumen in," sung and danced by the 'prentices, serves as the chorus for the lovers' betrothal. Such is a short sketch of a work, replete with an amount of detail to which no such brief notice can possibly do justice. Any fear that the opera would be too high in aim for the general public was decided on Monday by the enthusiastic and even excited manner in which pit and gallery called and recalled the artists, Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, the librettist, composer (who conducted), and the managers.

DEATH OF SIR MICHAEL COSTA.—This great conductor departed this life at Brighton on Tuesday evening at the age of 74. We hope next week to publish Sir Michael's portrait, when an account will be given of his career.

DR. VON BÜLOW.—Dr. Hans von Bülow has returned after a considerable absence, and has once more begun to give pianoforte recitals. But his style—so far as may be judged by the recital on Tuesday—far more subdued than of yore, is not likely to challenge the controversy which resulted from the *début* some ten years ago of one of the earliest of the apostles of so-called "high develop-

ment" in pianoforte playing. Modern audiences have now heard M. Rubinstein, his superior in the same school, to say nothing of Madame Essipoff, Madame Sophie Menter, and others of those whom the bitter pen of Dr. von Bülow once called "petticoat pianists," but whom he now more politely refers to as "piano houris." Dr. von Bülow attracted on Tuesday a not over large, but an enthusiastic audience, who insisted upon a repetition of the scherzo of Brahms' early Sonata, Op. 5, and who—doubtless with some dissentients—apparently approved his reading of various works by Beethoven, Raff, and Rubinstein.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season of the Royal Italian Opera began on Tuesday with Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*. The audience was musical rather than fashionable, but the performance was, on the whole, far above the average of first nights. Madame Durand once more sustained the title character, Mlle. Tremelli singing the contralto part, Signor Marconi, a somewhat harsh vocalist, being the tenor, and Mlle. Laterna, a highly promising mezzo-soprano, and a valuable acquisition to the troupe, the Laura. Once more the picturesque ballet, *The Hours*, was fully appreciated by a Covent Garden audience. On Thursday Madame Durand was announced to play Marguerite, and on Saturday Madame Lucca will reappear.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The concerts of the season are now becoming almost too numerous for detailed criticism. At the Leslie Choir Concert, under Mr. Randegger, on Saturday, a large number of familiar part songs were sung, and Madame Essipoff played the "Sonate Pathétique."—The London Musical Society, celebrated for their production of unfamiliar works, performed, for the first time in London, on Saturday, Mr. Ferdinand Hiller's dirge-like setting of Byron's Hebrew melody, "Oh, Weep for Those that Wept by Babel's Stream," four charming female choruses, with the curious accompaniment for two horns and a harp, by Brahms, a simple but melodious cantata, *The Feast of Adonis*, by Jensen, and the King's Son, in which Ueland's "Ballad" was somewhat elaborately treated by Schumann towards the latter and the saddest part of the composer's life.—On Monday Miss Josephine Lawrence, one of the most popular and clever of our young pianists, gave her concert at Prince's Hall, playing *inter alia* the "Waldstein Sonata," and gaining the warm applause of a fashionable audience.—The Richter programme on the same night included the "Italian" symphony of Mendelssohn and the C minor of Beethoven.—On Wednesday the distinguished violinist, Señor Sarasate, at his first concert played the Mendelssohn violin concerto, a work which, amateurs need hardly be reminded, displays his special talents at their best, and a "Caprice" for violin by the French composer, M. Guiraud. The "Jupiter" symphony was conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins.

WAIFS.—The report comes from Prague that the celebrated composer, Smetana, whose works have frequently been heard at the Crystal Palace, has become insane, and has been confined in an asylum.—Madame Patti, who sailed for England on Saturday, will come to London on June 14th to fulfil her engagement at Covent Garden.—Miss Nannie Reynolds, a daughter of Mr. Reynolds, the respected double-bass player, recently made her *début* as a pianist at Birmingham.—Miss Elizabeth Philp, the well-known song composer, will give a concert at St. James's Hall, May 23rd.—The death is announced of Madame Scribe, widow of the great librettist.—In Signor Verdi's forthcoming opera, *Othello*, the action is confined to Cyprus, and the story opens after the marriage and the scene before the Senate. Roderigo and Cassio are made comic characters; and before Desdemona is smothered she has to sing an "Ave Maria" and a duet with Othello.—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone are expected to be present at Drury Lane, this (Saturday) evening, to hear Madame Marie Rôze in *Carmen*.



CANON CURTEIS, Professor of Divinity in King's College, London, is the Poyle Lecturer for this year. He has taken for his subject "The Scientific Obstacles to Belief." The first of the series will be delivered in Whitehall Chapel to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon.

THE "GAZETTE" NOTIFIES THE APPOINTMENT of the Rev. H. S. Holland, Honorary Canon of Truro, to be a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, in succession to the new Bishop of Chester.

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, the 7th of May, Lord Shaftesbury will unveil the statue on the Thames Embankment of William (not John, as has been inaccurately announced) Tyndale, the early martyr of the Reformation and translator of the New Testament into English.

ON TUESDAY there was a large gathering in the Library of Lambeth Palace to celebrate the Twenty-second Anniversary of the Church of England Temperance Society, when Canon Ellison was presented with a portrait of himself, in recognition of his labours on behalf of the movement. The Archbishop of Canterbury congratulated the Society on the great accession of 120,478 new members this year. They are now more than half-a-million in number. On Wednesday the Society held an afternoon conference and an evening meeting in Exeter Hall, the Bishop of Newcastle presiding at the latter.

MISS ADA M. LEIGH appeals from Paris for pecuniary aid to execute repairs for the Mission Home in that city for respectable young English girls, without distinction of creed, which was greatly damaged by the late storm. It was established about ten years ago, in the course of which it has afforded an asylum to more than 3,400 of our young countrywomen. 15,000 are required. Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the Association of the Homes for Young English Women in Paris, Mr. F. A. Bevan, 54, Lombard Street, London. A fourth of Miss Leigh's Homes for English girls employed in Paris shops and houses of business was opened on Saturday by Bishop Titcomb, the Bishop of London's coadjutor for Northern and Central Europe.

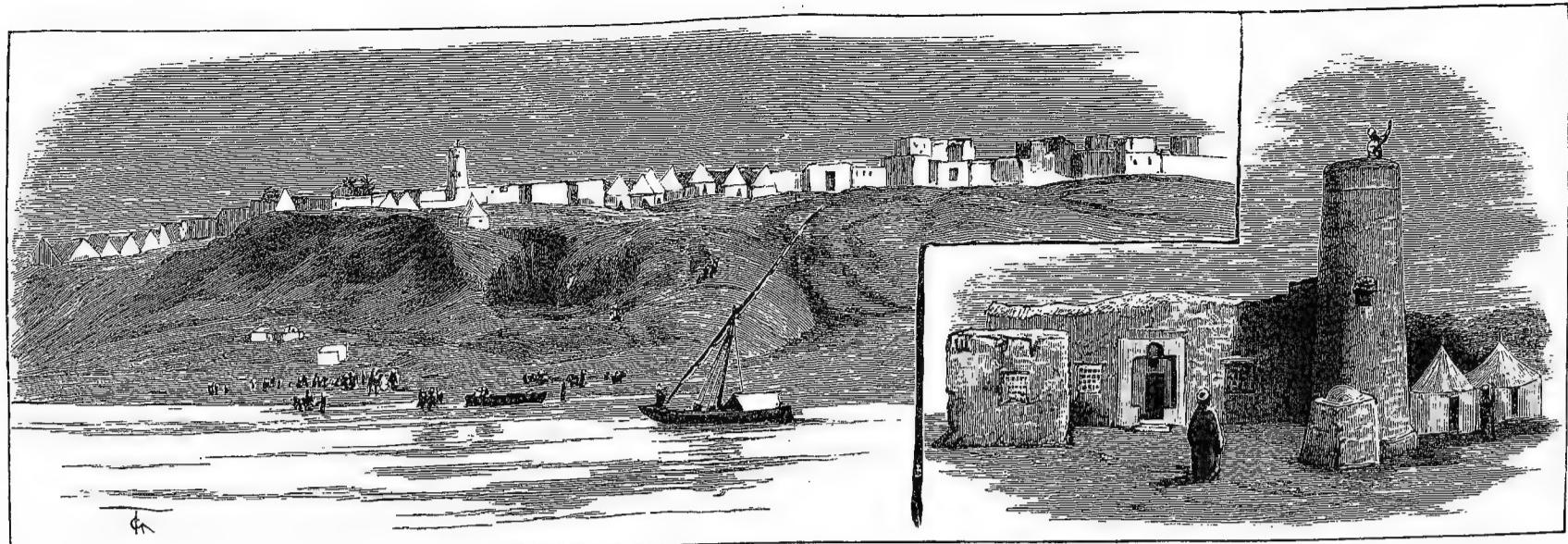
IN THE REPORT FOR LAST YEAR of the British and Foreign School Society it is stated that the undenominational character of the training colleges has been preserved. Of those in residence 24·1 per cent. are Episcopalians, 26·9 per cent. Congregationalists, 14·6 per cent. Baptists, 16·8 per cent. Methodists, 12·1 per cent. Presbyterians, and 5·3 per cent. belong to other Denominations.

IN THE REPORT presented at the annual session of the Baptist Union, opened at Bermondsey Chapel on Monday, a clear increase of about 14,000 members during the year was announced.

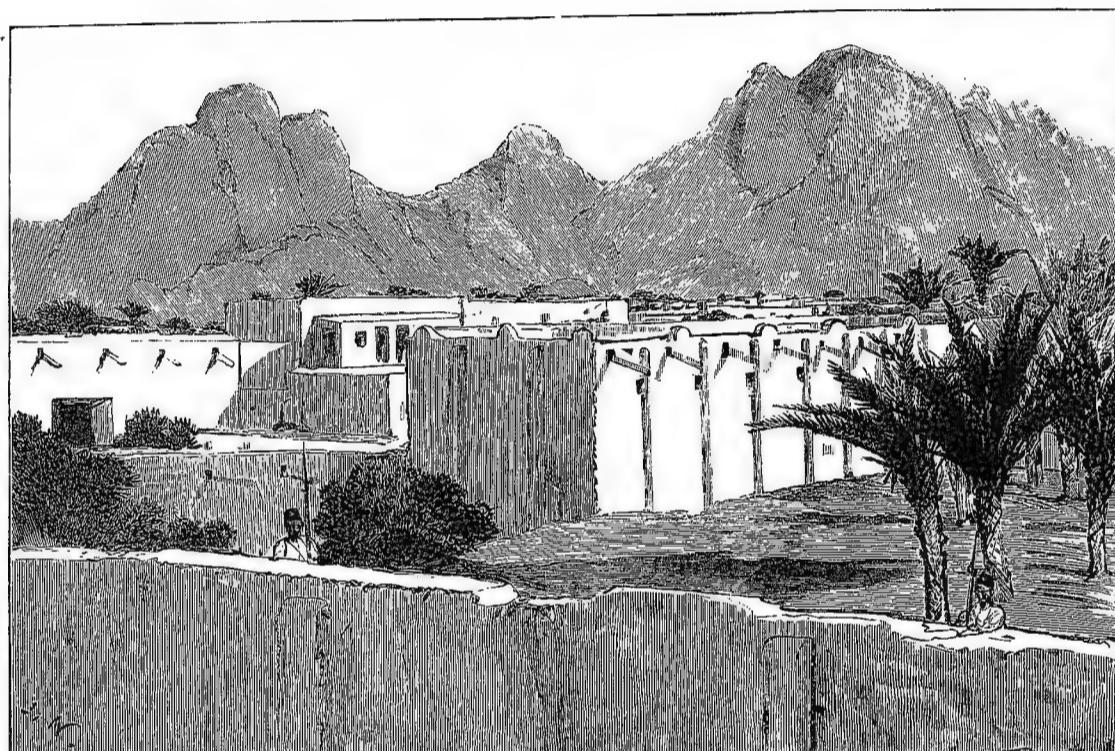
AT THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SALVATION ARMY, held in Exeter Hall last week, "General" Booth stated that the revenue raised at home and abroad amounted to 393,800/. The *War Cry* was issued in sixteen different forms, with an aggregate weekly circulation of half a million, and last year 8,000/- were realised from the sale of publications alone.

CHARLES READE'S EPITAPH, written by himself, and to be inscribed on his tomb, contains an emphatic recognition of the vital doctrines of Christianity.

Mosque at Senaar



SENAAR, ON THE BLUE NILE, ONE OF THE BELEAGURED TOWNS

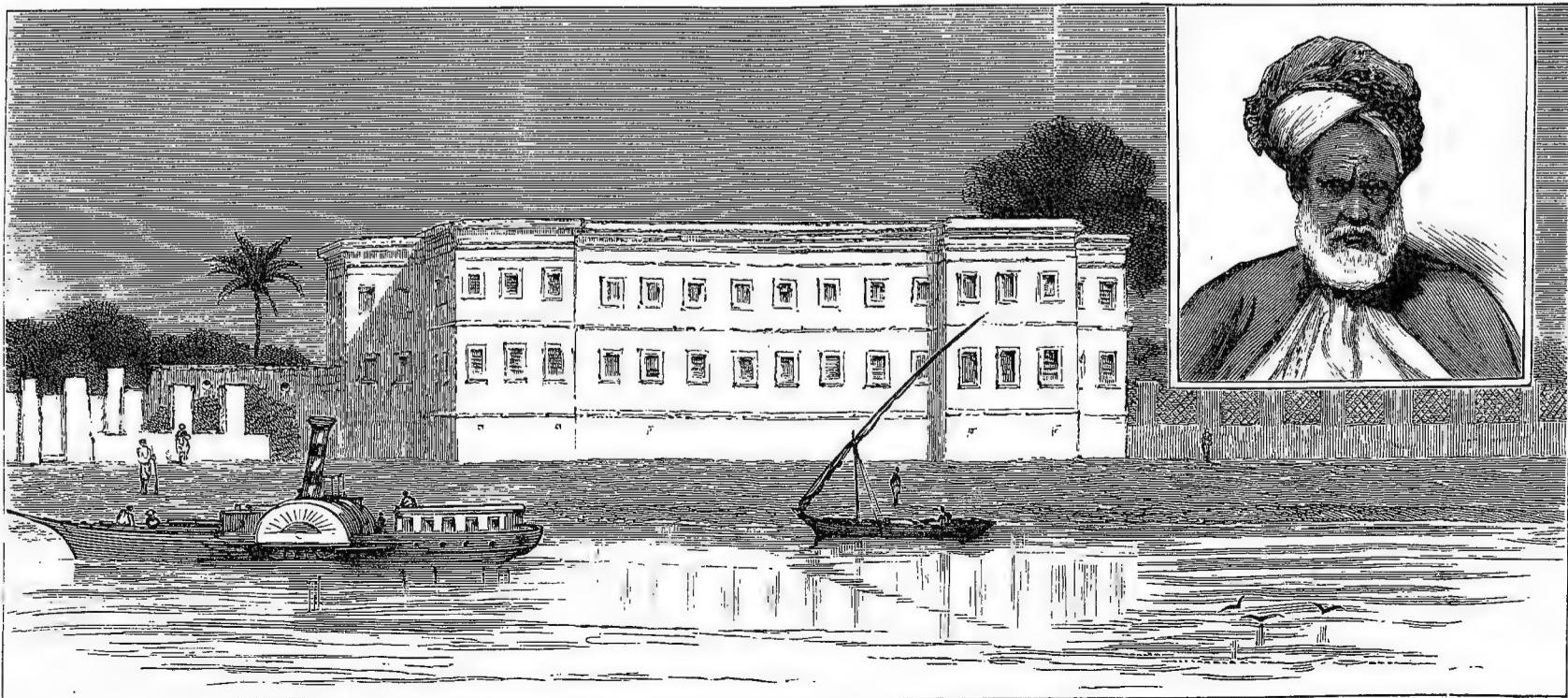


KASSALA, NEAR THE BORDERS OF ABYSSINIA, ONE OF THE BELEAGURED GARRISONS



ONE OF OSMAN DIGMA'S SCOUTS, OF THE HADENDOWAH TRIBE

Wad el Kerin Bey, Chief of the Shukeriye  
Tribe, Lately Made Governor of  
Khartoum by Gen. Gordon



THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, KHARTOUM, WHERE GENERAL GORDON IS LIVING

THE CRISIS IN THE SOUDAN  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS, AND A NATIVE OFFICIAL

## COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

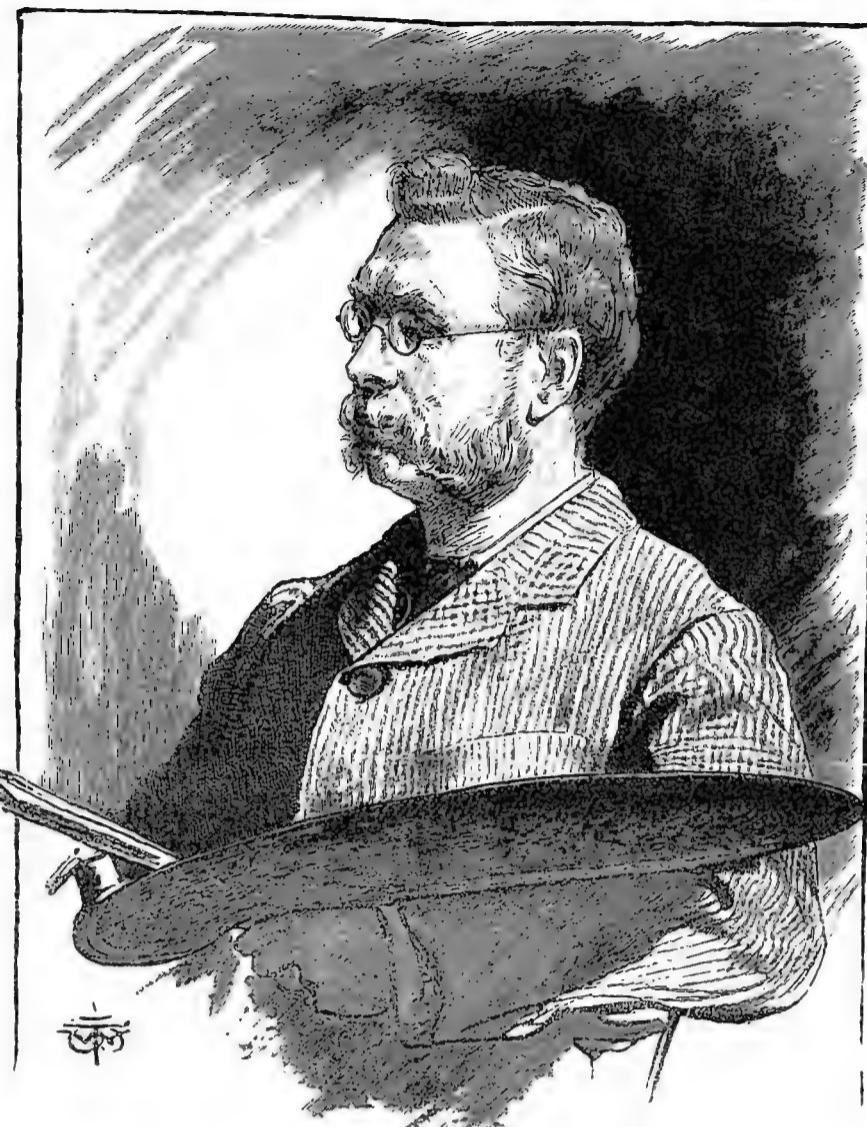
MR. COLIN HUNTER was born in Glasgow on the 16th July, 1841. His early life, however, was spent beside the sea. After a few years' experience as a clerk, he began landscape painting, and later on his early tastes led him to the subjects which he now paints, namely, fishing scenes with figures. He began to exhibit at the Royal Academy in 1873, and has exhibited there each year ever since. The following are the names of some of his best known pictures: "Trawlers Waiting for Darkness," "Digging Bait," "Their Only Harvest" (this is the property of the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest Fund), "Silver of the Sea," "In the Gloaming," "Waiting for the Homeward Bound," and "A Pebbled Shore."—Our portrait is from a sketch taken from life by Mr. Walter Wilson.

## THE ORATORY, SOUTH KENSINGTON

THE splendid new Roman Catholic Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, more generally known as the Oratory, at South Kensington, was solemnly opened for Divine Service on the 25th ult., the Feast of St. Mark, the Evangelist and Martyr.

The church having been consecrated on the 16th ult., the opening service of Friday week was Pontifical High Mass, which was sung by Dr. Bagshawe, the Bishop of Nottingham, an appropriate address being delivered by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Among the congregation, which numbered some 2,000 persons, were many distinguished adherents of the Roman faith.

The ceremonial began with an imposing procession, which entered the church from the sacristy. Following the incense-bearer and acolytes walked some thirty members of various religious Orders; brown-robed Franciscans, wearing sandals, Servites, Dominicans, Carmelites, &c. Behind these came nearly a hundred of the secular clergy, in birettas, black cassocks, and short white surplices; and then followed the higher priesthood, who wore richly-embroidered vestments of red and gold.



COLIN HUNTER  
THE RECENTLY ELECTED A.R.A.

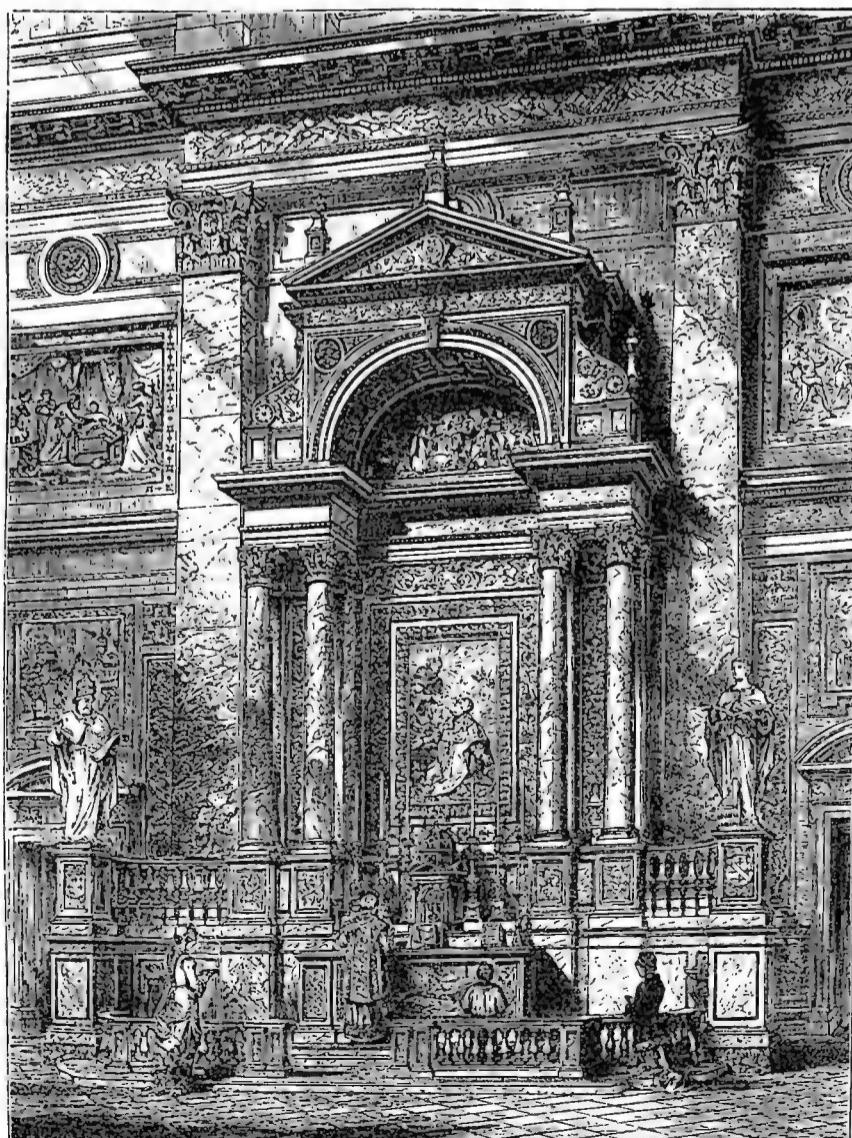
After them, the sixteen Roman Catholic Bishops of England, in copes and mitres, each accompanied by his Chaplain.

A second procession then advanced from the great entrance door to the sanctuary steps. This procession, which consisted of the Father Superior and the Fathers of the Oratory, conducted Cardinal Manning (wearing the red robes proper to the festival of a martyred saint), and the purple-robed Canons of the Roman Catholic Chapter of Westminster, to a canopied throne on the Gospel side of the altar.

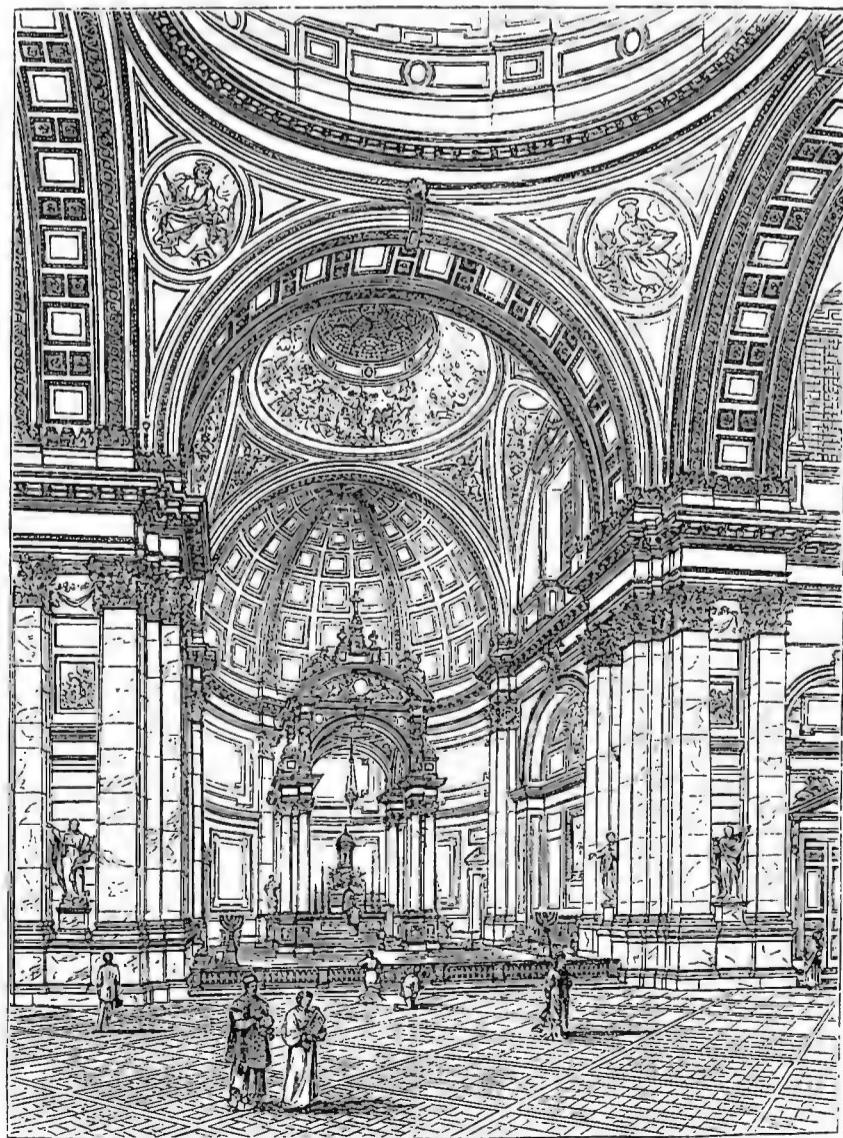
Bishop Bagshawe then began High Mass, the choir singing the music of Beethoven's Mass in C, after which the Cardinal Archbishop, holding the Pastoral Staff in his hand, delivered his address from the pulpit. The service lasted nearly three hours.

Mr. Herbert A. Gribble is the architect of this magnificent building, which has been four years in construction, and which has thus far cost about 100,000*l.* The exterior is still unfinished. In the suggestion of vastness and massiveness in the interior view, this church as a specimen of Italian Renaissance is unique in this country. A remarkable richness of colouring is obtained from the Devonshire marbles used in the pilasters and columns in the nave. The dome measures 53 feet across, and rises 160 feet above the floor; the nave has on each side three large and lofty chapels, the greatest width is 130 feet, and the total length of the building 270 feet, including an apsidal sanctuary 75 feet. The chief art-glory of the church is an altar in the Lady Chapel, brought from a Dominican church in Brescia, made of rare marbles, with inlaid panels depicting in stone flowers, fruits, and birds. On either side are life-sized figures of St. Pius V. and Santa Rosa of Lima. Above are figures of Charity and Faith, and, resting on the pediment, are represented Isaiah and Jeremiah.

HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY intends to celebrate the 500th anniversary of its foundation in 1886, and preparations are already being made for commemorating the occasion with great festivities.



THE ALTAR OF ST. PHILIP NERI



THE SANCTUARY



**THE CHANGE OF WEATHER** which came on the 27th of April, when the barometer fell two-tenths of an inch, and with a westerly wind, a gentle rainfall refreshed the land, was exceedingly opportune, for the wheat was assuming a yellow tinge, the growth of grass had been checked, and the fruit crop was considered to be in some danger. Now that the long spell of easterly weather has been broken, the season should continue on the favourable course commenced with the satisfactory autumn sowings, and maintained through a pleasant and open winter. There is no reason for believing that wheat has sustained any injury which a fine May cannot repair, while the early sown spring corn is throwing up a strong, even baird. May has started with agriculture in an even condition, neither noticeably forward or seriously backward.

**THE DEVON COUNTY SHOW**, which is fixed to be held at Exeter on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd inst., promises to be very successful. The services of first-rate judges having already been secured, and the site and place leaving nothing to desire, the Show would appear now to need nothing more beyond fine weather to be the most successful Devonshire has yet seen.

**THE OXFORDSHIRE SHOW** will be held at Wallingford on the 14th and 15th prox., and should be decidedly satisfactory to all concerned. With the exception of the big Show, held at Banbury in 1877, the entries are the largest on record, and while the cattle will not reflect anything but credit on the county, the collection of horses and the show of Oxfordshire sheep will be special features. The Berkshire breed of pigs is likely to be well represented.

**THE GROWTH OF TURNIPS.**—Mr. Bernard Dyer, in his instructive article in the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal, comes to the conclusion that on stiff clay soil poor in lime ground coprolites are capable of increasing the turnip crop by ten tons an acre, while superphosphate gives an increase of less than nine tons. The same experiments showed that a very dry August, the hope of the cereal farmer, is the one thing to be dreaded by the turnip grower. No manuring will save the crop if at this critical period the weather is continuously against the root.

"**SHORTHORNS**" must be made by Divine Providence, and not by Meath graziers. So runs the pious dictum of Baron Dowse, who has been fining Irish farmers for converting longhorned cattle into "Shorthorns," through the simple medium of a saw. In vain did the agriculturists plead that the cattle used their long horns as offensive weapons against each other; in vain was it urged that hornless cattle were less liable to harm those who had to mind them as well as persons passing through fields where they were grazing. It is not likely that Baron Dowse has ever been chased by a long-horned bull.

**HORSES.**—Speaking at the Grampound Horse Show, just held, Mr. Tretheway wished he could congratulate the country on a good lot of riding horses, a class which had depreciated of late years. He had noticed a great improvement in the agricultural horse since twenty years ago. Seeing the important part horses now took in farm work, he thought it behoved farmers to breed well, and especially to keep the colt well during the first eighteen months. The breed of saddle horses needed attention. Clevelands and Hackneys now had a Stud Book, and there appeared to be increased interest taken in the more useful breeds.



**THE TURF.**—After shivering painfully during the Craven week a fortnight ago, the change to something like spring weather has been indeed welcome to those who have revisited head-quarters for the First Spring Meeting. The racing generally at this gathering was not of an important character; but of course the Two Thousand, on the Wednesday, atoned for all other deficiencies, although it was evident that not so much interest was felt in it as on many past occasions. Since his excellent performance in the Craven week, Scot Free had ruled first favourite, and his victory on Wednesday was a help to the generality of the punting public who are fond of backing recent winners, and to the professional prophets who, almost to a man, as is the habit of the school, gave the winner. There was only a field of half a score, and of these Royal Fern and Superba, who were next in demand after Scot Free, could not get "places," which were filled by St. Medard and Harvester. Against each of three of the starters too I could be had. Scot Free, unfortunately for his owner, is not in the Derby; but the St. Leger will give him an opportunity of setting the seal to his fame. As a two-year-old he showed no form till he won the Great Sapling Plate at the Sandown Autumn Meeting.—But perhaps the sale of Lord Falmouth's horses in training was as interesting an event as the great race itself—and painfully interesting too, as it marked as a *fait accompli* the withdrawal from the Turf of its best and most valued supporter at a time when he could least be spared. The total sum realised for twenty-four animals was 36,440 guineas; towards which Harvester, the third in the Two Thousand, contributed 8,600; Busby, 8,800; and Louisbourg, a two-year-old, 4,000.—The first Italian Derby, run at the Campanelle on the Roman Campagna, has been won by Mr. Tom Rook's Andreina; and the French Two Thousand by Archiduc (Archer up), who would have made a very strong bid for our Derby had he not become disqualified by the death of his owner, Count Lagrange.—Mr. Radmall, who was warned off the Turf by the Jockey Club last year, has had his sentence remitted.—By the way, George Fordham, who rode Rosette in the Maiden Plate at Newmarket on Tuesday, was not the George Fordham of pigskin renown, who was quietly "standing down" watching the races. He did not feel equal to riding Scot Free in the Two Thousand.—The death of Mr. Gee, the well-known breeder and originator of the Dewhurst Plate, is announced.

**CRICKET.**—Nine members of the Australian team arrived in London on Wednesday morning in good health and spirits, and now the whole party are assembled, making the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, their headquarters.—After all, an English team, comprising, among others, Ulyett, Bates, Flowers, Barnes, and Maurice Read, will go to Australia this autumn. The promoters of the trip, who will accompany the players, are Alfred Shaw, Shrewsbury, and James Lillywhite.

**LACROSSE.**—A large assemblage was present on Blackheath on Saturday last, to see the match between the Greenwich Royal Naval College and London II., which was won by the College by three goals to none. The College had supplied two "substitutes" to their opponents, who came down shorthanded.

**RACQUETS.**—The final tie for the Public Schools Racquets Challenge Cup gave lovers of the game a real treat at Prince's last week. The general opinion that Eton had something to spare

was not verified, and, after an excellent struggle, Harrow won the day.

**ATHLETICS.**—Our champion, W. G. George, has "beaten the record"—this time again his own—at the Spring meeting of the L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge, in two instances, doing in the Two Miles Handicap 1½ miles in 8 min. 8 1-5th sec., and the whole distance in 9 min. 17 2-5th sec. If he keeps well we need not fear that the coming Americans will lower his colours.

**FOOTBALL.**—Our last Notes for the season on this pastime are to put on record that in Association games the Mayor of Birmingham's Charity Cup, the contest for which has been watched with great interest, has been won by Aston Villa, which has beaten the Wednesbury Old Athletic; that for the Glasgow Charity Cup Queen's Park, with a rather weak team, and the 3rd Lanark Volunteers have played a drawn game; and for the Renfrewshire Cup Saint Mirren (Paisley) and Thornliebank have for the third time played a draw, and agreed to hold the cup each for a period of six months.—We hear from the Antipodes that Association football is making great progress, and that 2,000/- is already forthcoming to pay the expenses of a team to come and tackle our best Association clubs.

**AQUATICS.**—Compositors and other workers connected with the United Daily Press Rowing Club have commenced their season early, and on Saturday last, up Hammersmith way, the club brought off a capital four-oared contest, four boats coming to the post, and that stroked by Musgrave of the *Daily Telegraph* proving the winner. The paper just mentioned and the *Daily News* supplied the majority of the oarsmen.—The sculling match between W. Pearce and G. Thomas, over the Championship Course, has infused a little life into professional rowing. The men rowed a ding-dong race, and Pearce only won by about three lengths, after doing the distance in the respectable time of 21 min. 43 sec.

**ANGLING.**—It will be remembered that last season produced an unparalleled number of Thames trout; the present, though somewhat interfered with by the cold wind, has been very fairly productive, and, perhaps, before it closes may show as good a record as its predecessor. It certainly seems that trout are on the increase in the Thames, and that many of the imported species are attaining weights which they would never have reached in their own waters. They are very welcome, though they are not the veritable Thames trout, which is a fish *sui generis*, and perhaps, for colour and symmetry, the most beautiful fish in the scaly creation. Trout fishing in the early streams, especially in the West of England, has been pretty good, but affected adversely by the east and north-east winds.



**MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT**, the American actor, made his appearance on Monday at the LYCEUM in the part of Richelieu in Lord Lytton's celebrated historical drama. As far as the play is concerned, the change from *Yorick's Love* is one which audiences at the Lyceum have no reason to regret; but Mr. Barrett's attempt to walk in the footsteps of illustrious predecessors occasioned unfortunately some disappointment. The remarkable mobility of feature aiding a special faculty for depicting fleeting shades of thought and passion, which was observable in his former impersonation, somehow failed to serve him on this occasion, though assuredly the part of the great Cardinal-Minister is one not wanting in variety of emotion. It seemed as if the attempt to assume an air of age and weakness divided the actor's attention in a manner to embarrass his efforts in other directions. If so the fact was doubly unfortunate, for Mr. Barrett's Richelieu never seems really aged. The worst fault in the performance was the actor's peculiar slow measure and monotonous delivery of the verse. He is not particularly well supported. The style in which Mr. Louis James plays the part of De Mauprat would be more suited to the sombre side of suburban melodrama than to a young hero of romance; and Miss Marie Wainwright, though a pretty and pleasing representative of Julie, has an artificial style and manner which detract from the sincerity of her performance. The Joseph of Mr. F. W. Irish and the Baradas of Mr. Fernandez were redeeming features in a representation which, on the whole, scarcely rose above the level of mediocrity.

A public recital of Coleridge's tragedy of *Remorse* by a young actor of no great reputation does not, it must be confessed, seem a very hopeful project; the success of Mr. Philip Beck's recital on Saturday evening at PRINCE'S HALL, Piccadilly, is therefore all the more noteworthy. Mr. Beck's powers of memory, which enabled him to speak for two hours without faltering once, and with such absolute fidelity to the text that those who followed him with the book scarcely found him tripping in a single instance, are in themselves very remarkable. But the recital reveals merits of a far higher order, for it showed him to be an accomplished elocutionist. The recital attracted a brilliant audience, among whom were Lord Coleridge and his family, and other descendants of the poet.

A sadder failure than that of the new farcical comedy, *Not a Word*, at the AVENUE Theatre (a cynical critic has observed that the title looks like a piteous appeal to the critics) has not been seen for some time. The long-lost art of vigorous condemnation has, since the marked revival of interest in the stage, been pretty well recovered by our first-night audiences, and Mr. Owen Dove, who is both the adaptor of the play and the principal performer, was somewhat cruelly reproved for its shortcomings.

A little drama in one act of the tender idyllic sort was brought out at the NOVELTY Theatre on Saturday afternoon with the title of *Reaping the Whirlwind*. Mr. Horace Lennard, who is one of our promising young dramatic authors, constructs neatly and writes good dialogue. These advantages, coupled with the pleasing acting of Miss Stella Brereton in the part of the heroine, sufficed to secure for the little piece a friendly reception.

Mr. Irving is now with Miss Ellen Terry, and the rest of his company, on his way to England. His total receipts have reached the enormous sum of 80,000/. He is to return for another campaign in America next autumn.

The GAETY programme now includes two pieces, both by the late Mr. Byron, and equally representative of that writer's comic genius. The first of these is his comedy entitled *Uncle*, in which Mr. Royce sustains his original character. The second is the bright and amusing extravaganza, *The Bohemian Gy'url*, in which Mr. Terry, Mr. Royce, Miss E. Farren, and the rest of Mr. Hollingshead's unrivalled burlesque company take part.

An actors' matinée was given at the GRAND Theatre, Islington, on Thursday. The new Irish romantic drama, a very good piece of its class, called *The Donagh*, was performed on the occasion. Mr. Charles Collette, whose has much of the natural vivacity, though he is a little wanting in the native ease and refinement, of the late Charles Mathews, appeared on Monday afternoon at the PRINCE'S Theatre as Adonis Evergreen in *My Awful Dad*, a part which he sustains with unflagging spirit.

*Haunted Lives* is the title of the new romantic drama which Mrs. Conover is preparing at the OLYMPIC.

A new play by Messrs. Jones and Herman is to be produced at the forthcoming performances for the benefit of the Actors'

Benevolent Fund. It is entitled *Chatterton*, and is founded on the story of the life of that unfortunate genius.

A remarkable article on the operation and influences of the Lord Chamberlain's censorship of the stage, in the current number of the *Westminster Review*, is from the pen of Mr. William Archer.

Planquette's popular comic opera, *Nell Gwynne*, has been transferred from the AVENUE to the COMEDY Theatre.

For the present we can only record the production at the COURT Theatre of Mr. Boucicault, Jun.'s, adaptation of Lockroy's drama, *Un Duel sous Richelieu*, brought out under the title of *Devotion* at the Court Theatre on Thursday evening.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—M. Philippoteaux's new panorama of Tel-el-Kebir, opened last week, is an admirable example of the art of panorama-painting. The moment chosen is that at which Arabi's first line of defences have been stormed, and the victorious Highlanders are rushing on to the second line. Arabi's tent is seen as just deserted by its occupants, the instruments of the band are scattered about, and a fierce fight is going on between Arabi's guards and some English soldiers. Outside the lines is seen Lord Wolseley and his Staff. The desert stretches to the horizon in all directions, and the idea of space and distance is conveyed with unusual skill.



MR. JUSTICE WATKINS WILLIAMS has been ordered by his medical advisers rest and change of air, both of which, it is intimated, he is likely forthwith to seek in Italy.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S STATEMENT that a newspaper report of the case was the first that he had heard of the action brought and judgment given against him in the Oxford County Court for button-hole flowers, ladies' nosegays, &c., supplied to him during the Oxford City election of 1880, has received through the Press a flat contradiction from the trustee of the estate on behalf of which the claim was made. He says that in December last Sir William Harcourt's private secretary asked for the account, particulars of which were duly forwarded. Five written applications for a settlement, he adds, were made before issuing the summons, which, he says, was served in the usual way of delivery at the Home Secretary's private residence in London.

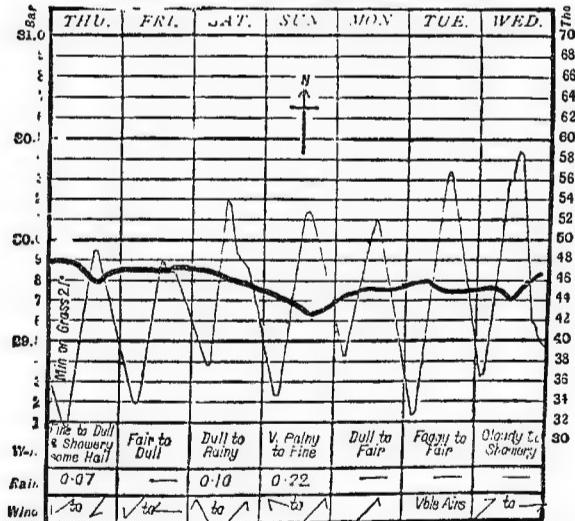
UNDER A POWER OF APPOINTMENT given him by his marriage settlement, the late Mr. Charles Pierrepont Lane Fox bequeathed by will the settled funds upon trust to his four daughters on attaining the age of twenty-one, or marrying under that age with the consent of their guardians, provided that if any of them married a Roman Catholic, or became a member of the Church of Rome, one half of the money to which she would have been otherwise entitled should be divided among those of them who remained members of the Church of England. One of them, after attaining the age of twenty-one, became a Roman Catholic, and the question was raised in the Chancery Division whether she had forfeited her half-share; the other sisters are minors. Mr. Justice Pearson decided that the forfeiture clause could not affect the interest of a daughter who had either married with the consent of her guardians or had attained the age of twenty-one.

AT A SITTING IN BANKRUPTCY for public examination of Messrs. Parker, solicitors of Bedford Row, it was stated that the belief in their being near at hand, and, therefore, easily amenable to justice, was founded on mere rumour, and that, on the contrary, they were, in all probability, not in Europe. The ascertained liabilities amount to 1,100,000/. The clear assets were roughly estimated at 40,000/- or 50,000/-, but their recovery is dependent on the solution of various knotty questions.

IN THE BANKRUPTCY of Mr. Lawes, the sculptor, caused by his unsuccessful litigation with Mr. Belt, proof was tendered by the latter for 12,247/- damages and (untaxed) costs. The total liabilities of the bankrupt are 25,000/-, which includes the balance of costs incurred by him to his own solicitors.

#### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM APRIL 24 TO APRIL 30 (INCLUSIVE).

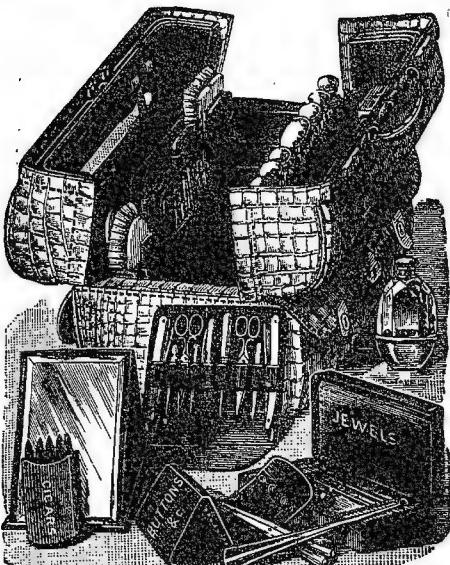


EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The past week has witnessed a change from cold, dry, and fair weather to (comparatively) warm, somewhat showery, and cloudy weather. The week commenced with gradients for light north-easterly, and easterly winds, and fair, but cold, weather for the time of year, the thermometer recording several degrees of frost at night at many of our inland stations. In Scotland and Ireland, however, southerly breezes prevailed, with milder weather, and some showers in the extreme west. In the course of Sunday and Monday (27th and 28th ult.) a shallow depression, travelling in an easterly direction, passed over the south of England and the Channel, and was accompanied by rain over the greater part of the kingdom, with a slight increase in temperature generally. The winds, which circulated round the disturbance, were chiefly moderate in force, except at the western part of the Channel, where they blew strongly. At the close of the period a depression lay off our north-western coasts, with some subsidiaries over the western parts of England. Light or moderate south-westerly winds prevailed over England, westerly in Ireland, and southerly in Scotland. The weather was rather dull generally, with rain or passing showers at many of the western stations, while temperature continued to increase slowly. The barometer was highest (29.89 inches) on Thursday (24th ult.); lowest (29.63 inches) on Sunday (27th ult.); range, 0.26 inch. Temperature was highest (59°) on Wednesday (30th ult.); lowest (31°) on Thursday (24th ult.); range, 28°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.39 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.22 inch, on Sunday (27th ult.).

THE forty-seventh annual dinner in aid of the London Coffee and Eating-House Keepers' Benevolent Association takes place on Tuesday next at the Guildhall Tavern, Gresham Street, City, under the presidency of H. W. Nevill, Esq.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE MEETING AT GREENRIG

THERE are many stories told of Lord Derwentwater's hiding places : as, for instance, he was obliged to conceal himself in the Queen's Cave, where Queen Margaret and her son were kept in safety. It is true that he met his wife in Deepden, because it is a retired spot not likely to be disturbed : indeed, there was no need for such hiding in caves, for he had made by his benevolence and generosity friends enough among his tenants and the poor people, who would have died rather than give him up. It was, however, intolerable that a man of his exalted rank should be in hiding at all, and before long there began to be spread abroad in whisper that a council of some kind was to be held.

No one knew whose turn might come next. The case of Lord Derwentwater might be that of any gentleman in the county. When the meeting was held at which action was resolved upon, there was hardly a man present who did not expect his own arrest. It was at a place called Greenrig, upon the open moor between Blanchland and Dilston. Five years before, the same company met together, but then for friendship and for feasting. Then all faces were gay ; now all were gloomy. Even with those who were young and those who had nothing to lose it is a serious thing to draw the sword. My Lord's eyes were anxious, and his forehead lined ; Tom was grave, his look suspicious, as if a messenger might lurk in every clump of heather. I know not how all were called together, but there came Lord Widdrington ; Sir William Swinburne and two brothers ; Mr. Clavering, of Callalee ; Mr. Fenwick, of Bywell ; Mr. Errington, of Beaufort ; Mr. Shastro ; Mr. Stokoe ; and a few others. Charles Radcliffe was there—we all knew what was in the heart of that gallant boy. The Countess was present, her cheek flushed and angry, her eyes flashing. There came with Tom (besides Mr. Hilyard) his friend, who became afterwards his chief adviser in the field, Colonel Oxbrough, whom now I met (for the Countess and I rode across the moor with Charles) for the first time. I may not speak of the dead with blame, but sure and certain I am that if Tom had not fallen in with this gentleman he might have been now Lord of the great Bamborough estates, and these free and unencumbered, as Lady Crewe intended. Colonel Oxbrough was born to a good estate (perhaps he ran through it in the manner common to many Irish landlords) : he served under King James : he was a Catholic : in manner, he was unlike any of the other Irishmen engaged in this business, not loud in talk and hectoring like Captain Gascoigne, nor boastful, like Captain Wogan, but of a calm, cold way of speech

which had more effect than loud and boastful talk : in appearance he was tall and thin, with bright eyes, aquiline nose, and firm lips : in manner he was courtly, and in demeanour mild and thoughtful, always showing great regard to the opinions of the man with whom he conversed. Yet of all the rebels, this man was the most determined ; he had made up his mind that for Ireland (for he cared nothing about England or Scotland) it was necessary that the King should be a Catholic : with that object he would go to the death willingly, but, further, I think he cared little.

The servants held the horses at a convenient distance, and the gentlemen gathered together, some lying on the turf and some standing. The moor, purple with heather and ling, stretched away on every side ; there was no chance of interruption. As for the Countess, with whom I came, she stood beside her husband, her hands laid upon his left arm, her cheeks flushed and angry, her eyes flashing, gazing into his face as if she would read his thoughts. As for her's, I knew them.

Then Lord Derwentwater spoke, slowly and seriously. No one, he said, had the interests of the Prince, his lawful King and Sovereign, more at heart than himself. This was so well known, that a warrant was issued, as they all knew, for his arrest ; no doubt his fate was determined before he had a chance of striking a blow. He desired at this meeting to take his friends' opinion whether the time had truly arrived for rising in the name of the Prince. For himself, he could not pretend to know the feeling of the country ; he had lived in it but five years, and never in London at all. But he was fully assured, he said, that nothing should be attempted in England, whatever the Scots might do, until it was clear, first, that the voice of the whole country was in favour of the Prince ; next, that a rising in one county would be immediately followed by the others in all parts ; and lastly, that the temper of the Army and the Fleet should be favourable. "For, gentlemen," he continued, "let us consider, I pray you, not only ourselves, who have a stake in the country which you hazard in this chance and fortune of uncertain war ; not only our own lives, which the common soldier risks at sixpence a day, and every sailor who goes afloat ; but also our wives and children, who will be ruined with us if we fail. Remember the many grievous cases after the late unhappy Civil War, when English noblemen and gentlemen were almost begging their bread in France and the Low Countries. Also let us consider those poor faithful creatures, who will take pike and firelock and follow our fortunes. Therefore, I say, unless the way is made plain to me, I will not so far weaken the Prince's Cause as to throw away foolishly my fortune and my life."

At these words there was a murmur of approbation ; but the Countess clutched at my hand, murmuring, "Oh ! he knows not his own strength. He has but to declare himself !" Then the gentlemen looked upon each other, and then upon Tom, who presently spoke. What he said was simple and in plain words, for he was no speaker, to the effect that his own part and share in the Design was so great, and his name so fully involved, that there was no hope left for him, save in the success of the undertaking ; that he was resolved to live no longer the life of a fox in a hole, but should, unless something was determined at this meeting, ride straightway across the Border and join the force of Lord Mar. As regarded the other gentlemen, each knew for himself how far he had gone, and whether it was safe to go back or go on, and he should not say one word to persuade any one into an enterprise which might lead to fortune or might lead to death. Every man had his own life in his hands, and sometimes it was necessary to stake that life in the game. And so on, speaking, as it seemed to me, very sensibly and to the point, concluding with saying that he, for one, would draw and persuade no one to follow him.

"He is not a man of books," whispered Mr. Hilyard ; "but Demosthenes could not have pleaded the cause of the Prince more artfully."

Lord Widdrington followed. I knew little of his Lordship, except from hearsay, and therefore I refrain from speaking about him. He was a Catholic, and at this time about thirty-eight or forty years of age, married to the daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Tempest, of Stella ; he was also the grandson of Lord Fairfax, and therefore a cousin of my own. His family were Lords of Widdrington even in the reign of Henry I. ; one of them was killed in an engagement with General Lilburne during the Civil Wars ; another fell at the Battle of the Boyne ; the present Lord is brother-in-law to Lord Langdale, whom his sister married, and to Mr. Townley, of Townley, who joined the Rebellion, but was acquitted. Other connections his Lordship had which proved fortunate for him in the end, when all those who had interest, save one or two, managed to get a pardon. Lord Widdrington said, briefly, that it was clearly the duty of loyal gentlemen to take every opportunity of pressing forward the cause of the lawful Sovereign, and that he, for one, should be pleased if the gentlemen present should think the time opportune and a hope of success so reasonable as to justify them in taking up arms. "But," he added, "I applaud the maxim of Lord Derwentwater, that for the Prince's friends to get killed, and their property confiscated, would be a poor way of helping His Highness." And with that he sat down.

Sir William Swinburne spoke next to the same effect, and then Colonel Oxbrough, seeing that no other gentleman had anything to say, took off his hat and begged to be allowed speech. He said, speaking without any passion, and in a low voice and slowly, that, in his serious opinion, the times were never more ripe for action; that since the death of the late Queen men had been looking at each other in wonder that nothing was done; yet he, for one, would be slow to accuse the loyalists of England of indifference, since he was persuaded that nothing was wanting except a leader and an example. "Why, gentlemen," he went on, "here is before our eyes an example which is better than a thousand words. The Earl of Mar began with a thousand men, and hath now with him fully twelve thousand. His army is like a ball of snow, gathering strength as it rolls onward. Do you wish for a better example? Ireland is waiting for the signal; in the West of England they are also waiting; Cumberland and Lancashire are full of loyal men; London counts thousands of the Prince's friends; His Highness is even now preparing to cross over and take the field in person. What better opportunity can you have? What more can you desire? If any other consideration were wanting there is the fact that you are all very well known for the Prince's friends. What private promises you may each have made I know not, but would have you remember that treachery hath already been at work; I doubt not that in a few days you will all be secured and clapped into separate prisons, or hurried away to London, where you will be severely examined, and none will know what the others will answer; so that for very fear of betraying one another you may verily do it. This, gentlemen, is a very disagreeable thing to contemplate. Yet there seems, in my humble opinion, only one way to prevent it."

Well; still they looked at one another, for no one would be the first to propose so grave a step. Colonel Oxbrough stood silent, with grave composed look, and made no sign of impatience. But then the Countess herself sprang into the middle of the circle, and with the air and manner of a queen, flung her fan upon the ground before them all, crying, "Take my fan, then, gentlemen, and give me your swords!"

My Lord's face flushed crimson, as he picked it up and restored it to her. "Gentlemen," he said, quietly, "enough talking." He took off his hat, and drew his sword, crying, "God save King James!" All their swords flashed, and every man tossed up his hat, crying, "God save King James!"

"Why," said Colonel Oxbrough, quietly, "I knew there could be but one end. Madam,"—he bowed low to the Countess, who stood with clasped hands, panting breast, flushed cheek, and parted lips gazing upon her husband—"Madam, as it was said of Queen Elizabeth, so shall it be said of your ladyship—*Dux feminæ facti.*"

Mr. Hilyard, who stood behind me, and had no sword to draw, groaned and sighed, but nobody heard him except myself.

"Alas!" he said, whispering, "Colonel Oxbrough is a dangerous man; he knows that with many the surest spur to courage is fear. That is why in the ancient temples, Fear is represented and painted with a Lion's head. It is fear which drives them all. His Honour is afraid because he knows not how much hath been reported of his sayings, meetings, and conspiracies in London; yet sure I am he would have done better to give himself up, and so have obtained a pardon after reasonable delay. As is Mr. Forster, so are the other gentleman, who are all afraid, and with reason. I except my Lord Derwentwater, who would have had us wait—but his hand was forced. Pray Heaven there be hereafter no cause for repentance!"

After the shouting there was much talking together and discussion, in which Lord Derwentwater took little part, standing silent and contemplative. After every one had had his say, mostly in a confused babble, many talking together, and, when there was silence, Colonel Oxbrough was heard recommending or suggesting. At last all was resolved upon. On the following morning they were all to repair to the Greenridge Burn, there openly to band together in the name of King James.

So they parted; Lord Derwentwater, with the Countess, Mr. Errington, Sir William Swinburne (it was lucky for Sir William that he was persuaded by his Lordship to go home, and to stay there awhile), his two brothers, Lord Widdrington with his two brothers, and two or three more, rode back to Dilston: Tom, flushed and excited, to Blanchland, with the rest of his friends, among whom, I forgot to mention, was Mr. Patten.

"Sir," said this worthy minister, "I now venture to ask a favour of your Honour."

"What is it?" asked Tom; "I think this is a time for action, not for asking favours."

"It is, Sir, that your Honour, who, I hear, will receive the King's Commission to command His Majesty's Forces in England, will be graciously pleased"—here he bowed down to the ground—"to confer upon me, unworthy as I am, the office of Chaplain to your Honour."

"Why," said Tom, "if that be all, my Chaplain shalt thou be. And you, Tony, don't look glum. Think you that there shall be no more feasting and drinking? Wait, man, till we have got the Prince to St. James's, and then will we make a night of it."

"At such a juncture," said Mr. Patten severely, "Mr. Hilyard can surely think of something besides drinking and playing the fool."

"I think, besides," said Mr. Hilyard, "of Rehoboam and his counsellors."

"Dare you maintain, Sir —?"

"Hark ye, Mr. Chaplain," Mr. Hilyard replied, "meddle not with me, Chaplain or no Chaplain. The only favour I ask of his Honour is that I may follow him and serve him in the field as I have served him at home. I daresay I shall be able to carry a musket as well as any ploughboy in the ranks."

"You to fight! Oh, Mr. Hilyard!" I said.

"Nay, sister," said Tom, "all shall go who will. I drag none against his inclination. Tony, give me thy hand, honest friend. Fight beside me, or stay at home with Dorothy, as thou wilt. If we come well out of this, old friend, of which I make no doubt, thou shalt see I am not ungrateful. My poverty thou knowest, but not my wish to reward thee for all these years of service."

The tears came into Mr. Hilyard's eyes; he looked as if he would have spoken, but refrained.

They had a merry evening, after all, with shouting enough for the whole of the great army they were going to raise, and Mr. Hilyard singing as if he was the most redhot Jacobite among them all. Perhaps at the moment, with the whisky punch before him, and amid the shouts and applause of his friends, he thought he was.

It is not for my feeble pen to write a history of the events which followed. What do I know of armies and of battles? I stayed at Blanchland alone, except for my maid and the rustics of that retired place, seeing no one save from time to time when I rode across the Moor to Dilston, and learned all that the Countess could tell me, which was little. Had we been able to look into the future, which is mercifully withheld from us, we should have been wretched indeed. Women can only believe what they are told: did not Colonel Oxbrough promise a general Rising? We were strong in hope, having little fear for the issue, but only for the chances of battle. Victory was certain, but brave men must die before the trumpets of the victors blow.

In the morning early the gentlemen were in the saddle.

"Courage, Dorothy," said Tom, "we are going to certain victory. Farewell, dear lass."

So he kissed me, and clattered under the old archway, and rode

away gaily with his friends. The next time I saw him was to be also with his friends, but, alas! in different guise.

The last to go was Mr. Hilyard, equipped for the first time in his life with a musket and a sword, and two great horse-pistols stuck in his holsters, but he showed little confidence in these weapons.

"So, Miss Dorothy," he said, "I go a-fighting. For myself, I have little stomach for the sport. I think we be all fools together. Heaven send us all safe home again! Phew! I am sick already of bullets as well as of marching and shouting. Farewell, sweet mistress. Alas! shall I ever come back to be your servant again?"

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE FIRST DAY

NEEDS must that I say somewhat concerning the first days of this unlucky Rebellion, because many things foolish and false have been said and written concerning its early beginning. And first, it is most true that not one gentleman joined who was not possessed beforehand of a general knowledge (I say general, not full and particular) of the Design, and had pledged his honour to carry it out when called upon. Yet nothing was decided upon until the meeting, wherefore all spoke truth in saying at their trials that the business was not premeditated. The only exceptions to this knowledge of the Plot were, perhaps, the Earl and his brother. Many there were also who had promised, but their hearts failed them at the last. Sir William Swinburne, I am told, was one who would never promise nor be drawn in (yet he knew of the business, and his brothers came in, to their own destruction). This being so, I hope that no one will repeat the idle accusation which has been brought against my brother that he drew them all in, and especially Lord Derwentwater. In truth, there came but two who can be fairly charged upon him. One of these was Mr. Craster of Craster, and the other his cousin of the same name, (afterward hanged at Liverpool). Lastly, I declare that not one among them all would have moved but for the things they were told by the secret messengers, such as Oxbrough, Gascoyne, and Talbot—I mean such things as have been already repeated concerning the temper of the country. Never was a company of honourable gentlemen (as I have since fully learned) so vilely deceived and betrayed to their own destruction as these unfortunate gentlemen of Northumberland. Had I known then what now I know, I would myself have stabbed Colonel Oxbrough to the heart with my scissars. For there was no rising in the West of England at all, and only a riot or two in the Midland Counties; nor any rising in Ireland, where most we expected and looked for one; and as for the great promises which we had, it will be seen presently to how much they amounted. Yet the poor gentleman may himself have been deceived, and in the end he met his death with great fortitude.

There were about twenty gentlemen rode out with Tom. They were, if I remember rightly, Mr. William Clavering, of Callalee, and his brother John; Mr. George Collingwood; four Shaftos—namely, Mr. William Shafto, of Bavington, and three others; Mr. George Gibson; Dick Stokoe; Mr. George Sanderson, of Highlee, and Mr. William Sanderson; Mr. Will Charleton, the Younger, of the Tower; Mr. John Hunter; Mr. William Craster; my cousin, Thomas Forster; Mr. Thomas Lisle; Mr. Thomas Riddle, the Younger, of Swinburne Castle; Mr. John Crofts, of Wooler; Mr. John Beaumont; Mr. Robert Cotton, and Mr. John Cotton, his son. With them rode Mr. Patten and Mr. Hilyard, the former swelling like a Bishop (as he already thought himself), in a new cassock and great wig, and the latter riding last, with anxious face. Some of them rode out from Blanchland, but most came from Hexham.

They made no stay at Greenrig, but, thinking the place inconvenient, they rode on to the top of an adjacent hill, called the Waterfalls, whence they presently discerned Lord Derwentwater approaching with his friends. It hath been reported, and I have never heard to the contrary, that on the evening before he left the home to which he was to return no more, and in the grounds of his house, the Earl met a ghost, or spirit, who spoke to him, and promised (being one of those spirits who are permitted to tell the truth with intent to lead astray) that he should never fall in battle. I know not how this may be: I saw and spoke with my Lord but once again, and he made no mention of this circumstance. But I am well assured that all night long his favourite dog howled and cried; and, when he mounted his horse in the morning, the creature reared and backed, and could not be persuaded to advance; which makes me think that a friendly spirit barred the way, as was done unto Balaam a long time ago—only, in this case, the angel became not visible; and, when one of the grooms led the horse forward, he fell to trembling, and became covered with sweat and foam. Moreover, my Lord found, soon after starting, that the ring which he always wore (it had been his grandmother's gift to him) was lost or left behind. In spite of these ill-omens and manifest warnings, he bore himself with a cheerful countenance; and, if he had misgivings, communicated none of them to those around him, who were, indeed, a joyful company, laughing and racing as they rode. He had with him his brother Charles, Lord Widdrington and his two brothers, Mr. Edward Howard, brother of the Duke of Norfolk; Mr. Walter Tancred, brother of Sir Thomas; Sir William Swinburne's two brothers, Ned and Charles; Lord Widdrington's brother-in-law, Mr. Kichard Townley; Mr. Errington, of Beaufont; Mr. Philip Hudson, uncle to Lord Widdrington; and one or two others. The numbers of the gentlemen thus joined together amounted in all to about sixty horsemen, of whom twenty were servants. This was not, to be sure, a large force with which to take the field against King George's armies. But they expected no more at the beginning, and rode north that day to Rothbury, the news of what was doing spreading like wildfire through the country. At Rothbury their numbers were much increased; though, for the present, they would enlist none of the country people, only bade them sit down and wait, for their time should come before long. Now this, Mr. Hilyard hath always maintained, was their first and capital error; for they should have listed all who came that were able to carry pike and firelock, and not to have refused any. Then, whether their army were well or ill-equipped, the fame and rumour of the great numbers flocking to them would have been spread abroad, and so many thousands encouraged to enlist. Besides, those who would have joined, seeing the gallant show of gentlemen and their mighty following, lost heart, or became cold, when they had passed by, and remembered only the danger when their offers were refused and the troops had all gone by. However, this was only one of the many mistakes made, Colonel Oxbrough, the principal adviser, being one who knew not the country, and vainly imagined that the rustics of Northumberland are as hostile to the Government, and as full of hatred, as are the wild kerns of Ireland, which was a great mistake to make.

Next day, being Saturday, the 7th of October, they marched upon Warkworth; and there, at the gates of the old Castle, the General (no other than Tom), wearing a mask, but why, I know not, because all the world knew him, proclaimed King James the Third of Great Britain and Ireland. It was done with trumpet and drum, and one acting as herald (I suspect, Mr. Hilyard; but he hath never avowed the fact). On the next day, being Sunday, the General sent orders to Mr. Ion, Vicar of the parish, that he should pray for King James; and, on his refusing, commanded Mr. Buxton, Chaplain of the Forces (Mr. Patten being, as it were, Domestic Chaplain to the General), to read the Service, which was done, and a very stirring sermon was preached, full of exhortations to be manful to the Cause,

and to fight valiantly. On Monday, the 10th, they rode to Morpeth, and there received seventy gentlemen from over the Border. They were now 300 strong, and all gentlemen. Had they taken all who offered, they might have been 3,000 strong. Here they were all rejoiced by the news that Mr. Launcelot Errington, with half-a-dozen companions, had boldly captured the Castle on Holy Island. They did not hold it long; but it is by such feats of bravery that the hearts of others are uplifted. If they could keep the place, they could signal friends at sea, who were expected daily, with supplies of arms and officers. At Morpeth they again proclaimed the Chevalier. Here they were joined by a good many other gentlemen; but still they refused the common people. Now, considering that foot soldiers are the greatest and most important part of an army, it seems madness not to have taken them. "A dozen times," Mr. Hilyard hath said since, "was I tempted to proffer my humble counsel to the General; but restrained, seeing that I was the humblest of the gentlemen Volunteers, and he now surrounded by noblemen and officers. Yet I would to Heaven I had had but a single hour with him alone over a pipe, as in the old days, when he would honour me by asking my mind."

Another dreadful mistake, though one which was afterwards pleaded in excuse, was that the gentlemen did not bring with them every man that could be raised. Lord Derwentwater, for example, could have raised and armed well-nigh a thousand men; yet he brought none with him, except half-a-dozen servants.

"They were struck," said Mr. Hilyard afterwards in London, "with that kind of madness, in virtue of which men do nothing right at all, but see everything as through a distorted glass, and so commit one fault after another, and do all wrong. It is not a phrensy, ecstacy, or the fury which comes from love, study, or religious fury, but one which deprives the reason of judgment, the body being sound and well; and is, I doubt not, a demoniacal possession, permitted for high purposes by Heaven itself, against which we ought to pray. Who but madmen would have refused to enlist the common sort? Who but madmen would have left behind them their own people, who were an army ready to hand? Who but such would have gone into a campaign without arms, ammunition, ordnance, provisions, or any thought for supplying them?"

Their first design was to get possession of Newcastle, of which they had great hopes; and they sent Charles Radcliffe forward with a troop of horse to take and hold Felton Bridge, which was done with great valour.

And here they met with their first disappointment, expecting that Newcastle would open its gates to them, whereas, on the contrary, the gates of that city were closed tight, and the citizens and keel-men armed, and the friends of the Prince had to lie snug and quiet. There is no doubt that they were promised the town would receive them, and a great accession to their strength it would have been, being strongly fortified, rich, populous, and inhabited by a sturdy and valiant race of men, most of whom would have followed the rising tide of success. However, this failed, and on the 18th of October the town was occupied by General Carpenter with Hotham's Regiment of Foot, and Cobham's, Molesworth's, and Churchill's Dragoons. Meantime, therefore, the insurgents withdrew to Hexham, where they stayed three days, the men billeted upon the inhabitants, but all well-behaved and among friends, though the Vicar refused, like Mr. Ion, of Warkworth, to pray for King James. Here the joyful news came that Lord Kenmure, with the Earls of Nithsdale, Carnwath, and Winton, had taken arms in the South of Scotland, and had set up the King's standard (worked by Lady Kenmure, very handsome in blue silk, with white pennants) in the town of Moffat. After a little marching and enlisting, they crossed over the Cheviots, Lord Kenmure commanding, and came to Rothbury, whence they sent a message to General Forster to know his mind. Who replied that he would join them, and accordingly the English forces marched North and joined the Scotch, after which they crossed the Border again and went to Kelso, where, on the Sunday, Mr. Patten preached a very stirring sermon from the text, "The Right of the Firstborn is his," handling the subject, as Mr. Hilyard assures me, most masterly.

On the Monday the men were drawn up in the Market Place, where, the colours flying, the drums beating, and the bagpipes playing, the King was solemnly proclaimed, and the Earl of Mar's Manifesto read aloud. Their army consisted now of about fifteen hundred foot and seven hundred horse, to oppose whom General Carpenter had no more than nine hundred men, horse and foot, and these raw soldiers for the most part. There were, therefore, two courses open to them—I mean sensible courses—either they might march northwards and attack the Duke of Argyll's army in the rear, which would greatly strengthen the Earl of Mar and embolden his followers; or they might cross the Border again and fall upon General Carpenter before he got any reinforcements. Thus would they strike a most telling blow, and one that would encourage the whole party in England. But alas! counsels were divided; there were jealousies between Scots and English; the Scottish officers refused to enter England, while the English would not enter Scotland; they, therefore, marched without purpose or aim, except, as it seemed to friends and foes alike, with intent to escape General Carpenter, along the northern slopes of the Cheviots, until they came to Langholm in Eskdale, where it was resolved, against the opinion of Lord Derwentwater, to invade Lancashire, most of the gentlemen believing (on the faith of promises and the assurances of the Irish officers) that in this Catholic county 20,000 men would rise and join them. The sequel shows how much reliance could be placed on these assurances. On the way south a good many of the Scots deserted and went home; on Penrith Fell they encountered, being then about 1,700 strong, the whole body of militia, called together and arrayed by the Sheriff, armed with pitchforks, pikes, and all kinds of rustic weapons. They numbered 10,000, but at sight of the insurgents they turned and ran without a blow being struck. It was a bloodless victory, and ought to have raised the spirits of our men, but it did not, because the leaders were already dashed (and showed it in their bearing) by the smallness of their numbers and their own dissensions. The only men among them all, Mr. Hilyard tells me, who kept their cheerfulness, were Charles Radcliffe, Colonel Oxbrough, whose courage and calmness no misfortunes could depress, and Mr. Patten, who, until the end came, could not believe that an army in which were so many noblemen and gentlemen could fail to be victorious. After occupying Appleby, and obtaining a good quantity of horses, saddles, firelocks, and other useful things, they were joined by some of the Catholic families of Lancashire, together with a few Protestants, but as for the 20,000 men who were to rally round them they were nowhere visible. At Appleby about 500 Scotsmen deserted the camp, and marched homewards again, selling their guns as they went for food. Among them were sixteen or seventeen gentlemen of Teviotdale, who liked not the prospect. I would to Heaven that every man had deserted, and the whole army had melted away! From Appleby they marched to Kendal, where Tom's godmother, Mrs. Bellingham, was living; but she refused to see her godson, being all for the Protestant Succession. From Kendal they made for Lancaster, which they entered on the 7th of November, and there, indeed, they expected great additions, but I cannot hear that many came in. They stayed at Lancaster for three days, and were hospitably received by the ladies, who dressed themselves in their bravest, and invited the gentlemen to drink tea with them. On the 10th of November they reached Preston—which was to prove the end of their invasion. Here they were joined by nearly a thousand Catholics and their followers. And, as

I have enumerated most of the Northumberland gentlemen, let me also set down some of these Lancashire names too, who, for their honour, were so loyal to their Prince. They were Mr. Richard Chorley of Chorley, and his son Charles, (the father shot at Liverpool, and the son died in jail). Mr. Ralph Standish (pardoned), Mr. Francis Anderton (sentenced, but pardoned, though I believe he lost his estate of £2,000 a year), Mr. John Dalton and Mr. Edward Tildesly (both pardoned), Mr. Richard Butler, of Raciiffe (died in Newgate), and Mr. John Beaumont (escaped), Mr. Hodgson, of Leighton Hall, Mr. Dalton, of Thurnham, Mr. Hilton, of Cartmel, Mr. Butler, of Rowcliff, and others whose names I have been told, but have forgotten. I must not omit the unfortunate Mr. William Paul, Clerk, Master of Arts, of St. John's College, Cambridge. This poor man, the Vicar of Horton-on-the-Hill, Leicestershire, gave up his living, and trudged north, dressed in a blue coat, laced hat, long wig, and sword, as if he was a layman, to join the army (and meet an ignominious death, as it proved, upon the scaffold), and all, I believe, because his old friend Tom Forster, who was kind to him when he was a poor scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, was General. He not only joined the army, but he did excellent service in bringing news of General Carpenter's strength and movements.

At Preston great hopes were raised, so many coming in, whose rebellion of a day or two cost them dear. Reports were brought from Manchester that the leading people in the town were well-disposed towards the Prince. Lord Derwentwater himself went thither secretly, and held a meeting with some of the gentlemen there in order to arrange for a rising, but I have not heard with what success. Then it was expected that the Duke of Ormond would have joined them with at least 3,000 men. I know not, nor have ever been able to learn, why nothing was done in Ireland or in the West of England. Opportunities lost never return, and although I am convinced that never in the history of the world were gentlemen more deceived, yet I cannot understand why, the Cause itself being so righteous, the end was not more successful. All might have gone well. Alas! where was the prudence? The English General (my poor brother) had no military knowledge, and, though he was advised by Colonel Oxbrough, the Lords and gentlemen of the Council were too proud to be led by him, and Tom was not strong enough to command. How could he command his old friends and fellows against their will? Meantime, while they were considering whether they should advance on Liverpool, General Willes had joined General Carpenter, and was marching on Preston, resolved to attack the rebels with such forces as he had. Look now! King George's troops were but a thousand in all, or twelve hundred at the most, and the Insurgents had nigh upon 3,000! Doth it not make one's blood boil to think how, being more than twice their enemy in number, brave men's lives were thrown away, and a righteous cause destroyed? But to enumerate the mistakes made by our people makes me sure that the blessing of Heaven was withheld from the very first, we know not why, and it is well not to inquire too closely. Weak human wit cannot discover why the Right doth not always triumph, or why, for the sins of princes, the people should be punished.

"I know not," said Mr. Hilyard, "what was said and proposed at the Councils of War, save that Mr. Charles Radcliffe came from them always in a rage, and the Earl hanging his head, and the General troubled and perplexed. I think that if Colonel Oxbrough's advice had been taken things would have put on a different face. A quiet and resolute gentleman, who at the worst never showed the least resentment when his advice was not taken, nor any indignation when Scots and English quarrelled, nor spoke an evil word against those who broke their promises, but took all as part of the day's work, and went to the gallows as calmly as he went on parade. This it is, methinks, to be a soldier."

(To be continued.)



We learn that "An Old Man's Love" (2 vols.: Blackwood and Sons) is the very last novel that will appear from the pen of Anthony Trollope. Regret on that score has been so often expressed, that it is unnecessary to repeat again in words the feeling which will endure so long as that generation which he described so faithfully remains to enjoy its own portraiture. This last novel is one of the slightest of his stories—indeed, it is rather a study than a fully-developed story; but it is eminently characteristic of its author, both in its strength, and in what few who appreciate his strength will care to call his weakness. Let the latter rather be called that limitation of power which he himself recognised as completely as any of his critics, and to which he adapted himself with remarkable tact and skill. The plot of the novel is almost sufficiently suggested by the title. It is the always pathetic story of an elderly lover who, having the situation entirely in his own hands to deal with as he pleases, refuses to take advantage of gratitude or of self-sacrifice on the part of her whom he loves, and, at bitter cost to himself, surrenders the latter to a younger and, in the present instance, a far less worthy rival. Mr. Whittlestaff is an admirably finished portrait altogether, and so entirely absorbs the reader's sympathy that very little indeed is left for the finally successful John Gordon. Nor is it easy to care very much for the girl herself, Mary Lawrie—a decidedly insipid young person, not particularly worth winning by the one, or worth a heart-break on the part of the other. That, being one of Mr. Trollope's heroines, she is incapable of knowing her own mind for five minutes together, goes without saying. But the figure of Mr. Whittlestaff does not stand by any means alone in the combination of pathos with humour. If the pathos predominates in his case, humour predominates in the case of his housekeeper, Mrs. Baggett—a most admirable and original portrait of those old servants whose excellent qualities are much more of a torment than a comfort to their employers. Her peculiar notions of duty, and her still more peculiar notions of logic, are something more than merely amusing. The Rev. Montagu Blake also is a fresh and original picture of the person who, possessing a countless flock of geese, believes every one of them to be a swan. Altogether, "An Old Man's Love," slight as it is, was well worth publishing. It is completely finished, and contains as good work as ever came from Mr. Trollope's pen.

"Dark Rosaleen," by Mrs. O'Shea Dillon (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.), is one of the many recent works of fiction which have not unnaturally been inspired by Fenianism—not by its spirit, but by its capacities for picturesque romance. We thus obtain such a leading incident as the murder of the Rector of the parish by the post-mistress, while the heroine is obliged to believe that her own uncle, a crazy Catholic priest, has committed the crime in a fit of insanity. The novel is not especially remarkable except for two eccentricities. One is that the heroine starts as an autobiographer, but, feeling that form of construction difficult to keep up, surrenders, in a foot-note, the continuation of her story in the third person to the author. The other is that the lady called Rosaleen, who gives her title to the story, has nothing whatever to do with it, since she was dead before it begins, and only survives, for no dramatic reason, in the recollection of the priest whenever he becomes particularly crazy. She seems to be called "dark" in allusion to some song: otherwise, her complexion is of no consequence whatsoever. No new light is

thrown upon the working of Irish politics in country districts, nor is there any fresh illustration of Irish life or character. The novel is thus left to depend entirely upon its own merits as a work of imagination, and we cannot say that it is much more successful in this way than in the other. It is incoherent, and there is no apparent reason, otherwise than the supposed necessity for filling a given amount of space, why anything happens as it does or should not have happened otherwise. On the other hand it has no very conspicuous faults, and is perfectly entitled to pass muster with the average.

"To Have and To Hold," by Sarah Stredder (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), depends for its interest, which is considerable in its way, upon its complexity of plot, and the elaborate weaving of very minute circumstantial links into a coherent chain. There is not, however, much originality shown in the matter of either incident or character; except, indeed, in the attraction of the reader's sympathies to a money-lender—an order of character which has hitherto had small reason to be grateful to novelists in general. Without being made a hero of by any means, this particular money-lender is distinguished by generosity to his own loss, and becomes the victim instead of the victimiser. On the whole, however, the merit of "To Have and To Hold" lies less in its being a more or less successful attempt at complicated plot-making than in certain of its episodes in which the authoress has scope for her powers of description. Thus, a shipwreck on the Goodwin Sands and the rescue of the crew affords a genuinely-exciting scene, and makes the reader wish that there were more of the kind. All that follows, with its minute network of villainies and their detection, seems tame by comparison. For the rest, Mrs. Stredder has erred on the side of over-intricacy, while her real power is best shown in those broad and simple effects of which she gives so few. The characters, with the exception of the unique user, are little more than the pieces useful for playing a predetermined game, and have very slight interest apart from their story. Plots and counterplots, with fraud for a basis, have to a great extent had their day, and some more original element than Mrs. Stredder has aimed at introducing is necessary to justify their revival. Still there is always a new generation of readers; and to those members of it to whom the labelled rogue and his temporary triumphs are still comparative novelties, the book may be decidedly commended. With a view to older readers, the authoress will do well to recognise her own evident capacity for picturesque description.

#### SCIENTIFIC NOTES

WHEN, some months ago, more than one electrically-propelled launch appeared on the Thames, there were doubtless many good people who imagined that steam would quickly become a thing of the past, and that smoky funnels, noisy machinery, and risks of explosion would soon be nuisances to be remembered only as part of an obsolete system. Unfortunately for such anticipations, there are many difficulties to be overcome before the interesting experiment referred to can be made to yield a practical and commercially successful result. Mr. Yarrow's paper, recently read before the Institution of Naval Architects, gives many reasons why propulsion of boats by electricity is still only a dream of the distant future; but one alone is quite sufficient to satisfy most people. Plainly put, the system will not pay. A steam engine is first of all required as a motor to a dynamo-machine on shore to furnish the current which charges the battery cells carried by the launch. Mr. Yarrow believes, from personal observation, that only 45 to 50 per cent. of the power given by this is ultimately available for propelling the launch. Therefore the simpler plan is to put the engine into the boat, and to drive the propeller direct through its agency, without the intervention of any electrical apparatus whatever.

The old Roman London, which lies some ten or twelve feet below our modern city, has again been unearthed at Walbrook by the excavators engaged on the District Railway works. Here a piece of pavement, formed of Roman tiles set on edge, has been found. It measures 5 feet by 3 feet 6 inches, and is 10 inches in thickness. It seems difficult to realise the dream of a Roman villa, situated on the bank of a pleasant streamlet (the old Walbrook), such as this discovery seems to indicate the existence of in bygone days. The District Railway tunnel, with its great advantages, seems after all to be a poor exchange for such a picture.

The importance of the revolver as a subsidiary weapon for soldiers in the field has been demonstrated again and again of late years, and it has also become evident that the particular class of Service revolver adopted in the British Army does not carry a sufficiently heavy charge to make it really efficient in disabling an adversary. The English revolver carries a charge of eighteen grains of powder, with a bullet of 265 grains, whereas the United States Service weapon utilises more than double as much powder for propelling a bullet of 200 grains. For these reasons an exhibition of revolver shooting by Mr. Ira Payne, a well-known marksman of the United States, which took place at Nunhead the other day, aroused much interest. Beginning his practice with fifty shots from a Colt's six-chambered revolver, at a range of twelve yards, every shot pierced the four-inch bullseye, a better result than was afterwards obtained with the United States Service weapon with the heavier charge. At 100 yards' range good practice was made with the latter weapon, while, as a test of mere force, the bullet at the same range was completely smashed. We may remind those who are under the impression that the revolver is a comparatively new weapon that there is one to be seen in the Tower Armoury which was made about 400 years ago.

In the Bill which has been introduced "to provide for the regulation of cremation, and other modes of disposal of the dead," care is taken that no body can be dealt with until the death has been registered, and then only in a place licensed for the purpose by the Secretary of State. The person registering the death must produce to the Registrar a certificate of death, signed by one or more medical men, on a form provided for the purpose. These formalities are required, as we all know, in ordinary cases of sepulture, but they do not prevent occasional cases of poisoning, as seen in the late case in Liverpool, where the murdered man was taken to his grave with a certificate to the effect that he died from natural causes. But a system must not be harshly condemned because a weak place can be found in it, for this is a necessary part of every system of human contrivance. Dr. Comyns Leach, in his recent lecture, said that the bodies buried every year in the metropolitan area alone gave off four million cubic feet of deleterious gases, which, taken with recent disclosures as to germs propagated by the usual mode of burial, is a strong argument in favour of cremation. Unfortunately for the ready adoption of the new, or rather the revival of the old, form of sepulture, there is the difficulty of sentiment to deal with, a difficulty quite disregarded in the simple terms of Sir Henry Thompson. "Given a dead body: to resolve it into carbonic acid, water, ammonia, and the mineral elements rapidly, safely, and not unpleasantly."

A new method of bleaching linen and cotton goods has lately been introduced at the Halliwell Bleach Works, near Bolton, which is reported to have so many advantages that it is destined to supersede the older process. Hitherto these goods have been treated with a solution of chlorinated lime (the chloride of lime, or bleaching powder of commerce), after having been "soured" by the application of diluted acid: the acid setting free the chlorine from the lime, which chlorine is the actual bleaching agent. But there are several processes also necessary—which cannot be described here—which made the operation of bleaching a somewhat tedious one, extending

over six to seven days. By the new process, the invention of Mr. Thompson, the operation is greatly shortened. The goods are in the first case subjected to the solution of chlorinated lime in a closed and air-tight vessel. After this the liquid is run out, and carbonic acid gas takes its place. These alternate applications of liquid and gas are repeated for from eight to twelve hours, according to the material operated on—linen requiring a longer application than cotton—after which the goods are washed, and with one more bath to remove a slight yellow discolouration which remains, and a final washing, the bleaching is complete. The cost of bleaching one ton of material by the new process is only one-third, and, under certain conditions, only one-fourth of that by the older method, and the wear and tear of the material is naturally much lessened by the shortening of the period during which it is under treatment.

The method of charging railway foot-warmer with a saturated solution of acetate of soda, which will store more heat than plain water, and which was first adopted in Paris, and afterwards by some of our own railway companies, has, in a modified form, been applied to the warming of street trams in Brooklyn. Pipes, filled with the solution, are placed beneath the seats of the car, so as to be quite out of the way. They are heated by a jet of steam at the starting station previous to each trip, and slowly give out their stored warmth during the journey. The heat given is said to be pleasant, and to maintain a temperature which is generally about 40 degrees above that registered outside the car. Thus, if the thermometer registered 10 degrees of frost, the interior of a warmed car would have a temperature of 62 degrees, a comfortable one even for an invalid.

The new Patent Law, which came into operation on January 1st, has had the effect of stimulating the number of applications for protection to a wonderful degree. More than six thousand have already entered this year. From a report published by a contemporary, it would seem that there is some improvement called for in the manner in which the indices are made up in the Patent Office. "Ships fenders" are not usually classed under "fire irons," nor is the necessary "butter boat" of the dinner-table to be confounded with those other boats which are inseparable from a life on the ocean wave.

T. C. H.

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

Many of our readers will recall a striking volume of poetic dramas, which appeared some little time since, entitled "Plays From English History," by Charles Grindrod. The same author now comes before the public with "The Stranger's Story, and His Poem The Lament of Love" (Kegan Paul), in which he shows himself almost as thorough a master of the sonnet in its more English form as heretofore of dramatic blank verse. For of course Mr. Grindrod does not mean his graceful and pathetic prose idyll to be taken *au grand sérieux*, and we may accept him as the veritable author of the poems which follow. Not to open up the endless question of the true structure of the English sonnet, we may say that those in the present volume are very satisfactory and pleasing, and that some of them attain to a considerable excellence; such are Nos. 7, 12, 37, 50, and especially 100. The tone varies from gay to grave; in the earlier verses we discover graceful fancy, with a turn for quaint conceits, such as delighted the versifiers of Elizabethan times, whilst through the later pieces there breathes a touching spirit of melancholy, tempered by Christian resignation, which will appeal to many sad hearts. Altogether the book is one to be noted.

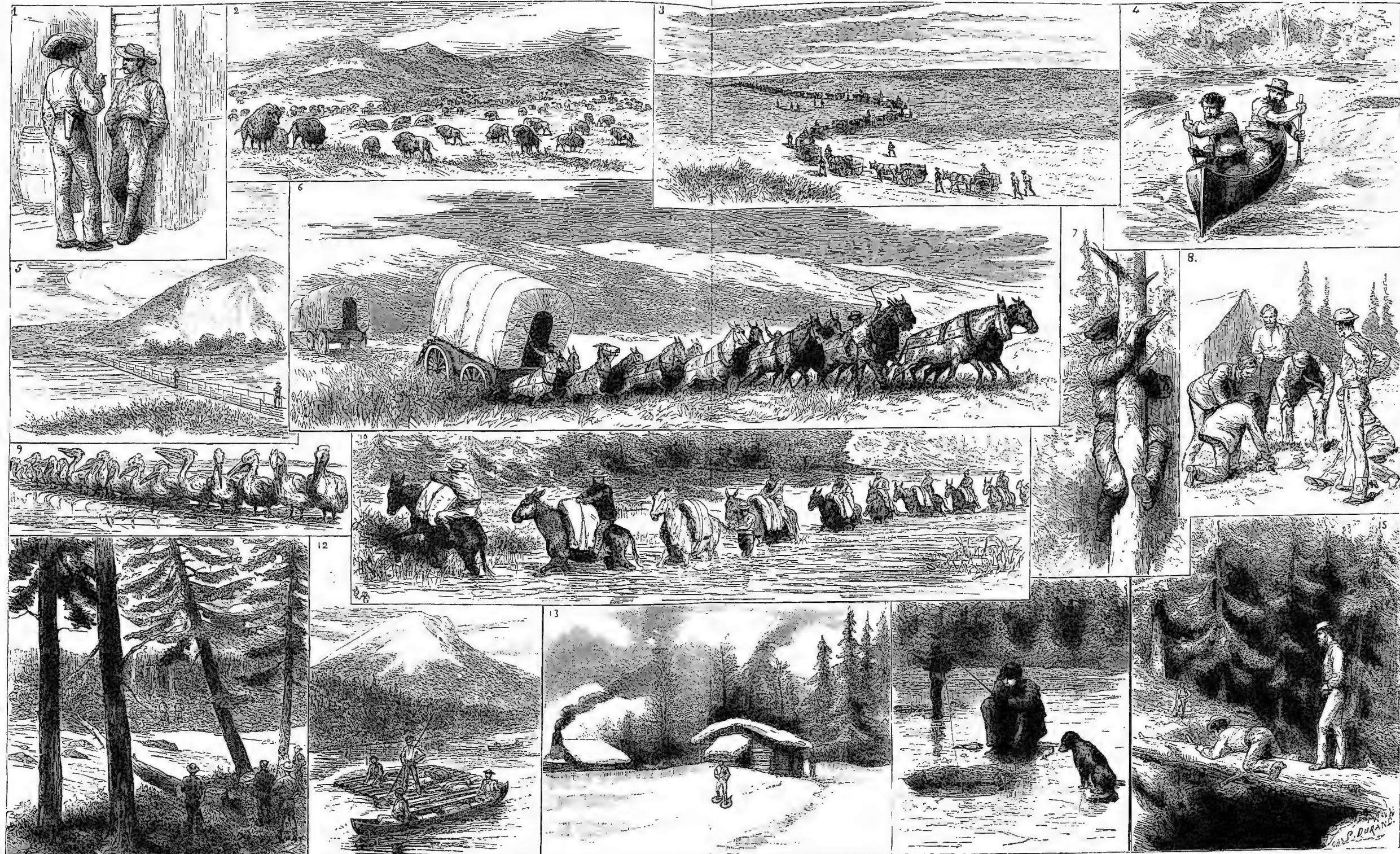
The success of "Ione, and Other Poems," by W. H. Seal (Kegan Paul) might possibly have been greater had the author tried less ambitious flights. We need not dwell upon the minor pieces, which have nothing to distinguish them from the ordinary run of juvenile attempts, but "Ione" must be pronounced a failure. In the first place Mr. Seal has little command over the metre he has chosen; when will young writers learn that, next perhaps to writing good blank verse the hardest thing is to write good octosyllabics? Then his ear must surely be defective, or he would not have rhymed "born" with "dawn." The story, though not a bad one, is too thin for a poem extending over some eighty good-sized pages. Ione, a Moorish maiden, falls in love, during the downfall of the Moorish power in Spain, with a Christian knight, Gonsalvo; she and her protector, Al Rhaman, are captured, and, the rivals engaging in single combat, she interposes only to receive her death-wound. The characters have but little individuality, so that the romance fails to interest.

Mr. Lewis Carroll—we use the author's familiar *nom de plume*—is always welcome, never more so than when in "Rhyme and Reason" (Macmillan) he reproduces such "gracious fooling" as the "Hunting of the Snark," and our old friend "Phantasmagoria," which latter had long been out of print. Four short new pieces are inserted, but they are scarcely up to the old mark. We have Mr. Holiday's original drawings, but, beautiful and artistic as they are, these lack the proper sense of humour, and we could almost have wished that the whole had been entrusted to Mr. Arthur B. Frost, whose illustrations—to the ghost story in particular—are comic to a degree. Notice the ghost rehearsing, the frightened face of the man looking out of bed, and, above all, the goblin in the cavern, which last is a thing to dream of—or, rather, *not* to dream of!

There is a morbidity and a want of virility in "Eddies and Ebbs," by Benjamin George Ambler (Elliot Stock), which would make the pamphlet disagreeable reading, even were the poetic merits greater. One is chiefly impressed with a vague idea that the writer has feasted heavily on the pages of "Maud," and has failed to assimilate his food wholesomely.

"UP RIVER" will soon be a familiar phrase, and with the fine weather the ancient feud of riparian owners and the boating community will be briskly taken up. The uncertainty of the law is once more largely at fault in the matter. It appears that a river is a highway only so far as it is navigable, but who shall define the latter most difficult word? Primarily it means able to be navigated by oar or sail, and if oar include paddle and scull, then the Thames is navigable into Gloucestershire. But a large body of legal authorities say that "navigable," as a legal word, means the point to which the tide flows up from the sea. Admitting for the moment this contention, the further difficulty arises that on the Thames the construction of locks has artificially limited the upflow of the tide. But this construction of locks would hardly bar the legal title of navigable, and so we should have to search back to find, if possible, from old books, how far the tide once flowed.

RABBIT KEEPING.—Putting aside for the moment what may be called the feline theory of origin, it certainly seems a pity that Ostend rabbits should be imported in tens of thousands, when there is plenty of spare land in England on which the rabbits could be bred, and the money paid for them kept at home. The fecundity of rabbits, says a recent writer (who recommends the Belgian hare crossed out twice with the common wild rabbit as "the rabbit of the future"), is enormous. "I myself have one doe which, between the 1st of December and the 1st of March, produced no less than nineteen young ones, all of which survived and did well, and this at the very worst season for breeding. The doe weighs about 8 lbs., and supposing that her young ones averaged 4 lbs. each in twelve weeks' time, you have over 70 lbs. of excess food, produced in a quarter of a year, running to 280 lbs. in a twelve-month. At 1s. 6d. a-piece, the product of this single doe would be 54. 14s., a pretty good return."



1. MONTANA COW BOYS.—2. THROUGH THE BUFFALO COUNTRY: A VIEW FROM THE BOAT.—3. RED RIVER CARTS FROM CALGARY TO THE MOUNTAINS.—4. OUR CHIEF RUNNING THE COLUMBIA RAPIDS.—5. FLOATING FOOT-BRIDGE OVER THE ELBOW AT FORT CALGARY.—6. THROUGH A MUD-HOLE.—7. CURIOUS EFFECT OF A GRIZZLY BEAR TRACK ON OUR TRANSITMAN.—8. POST-MORTEM ON A PORCUPINE: "CAN WE EAT HIM?"—9. PELICANS ON A SAND-BAR.—10. ONE WAY OF GETTING OVER DRY.—11. BRIDGING.—12. BRINGING DOWN SUPPLIES ON THE COLUMBIA.—13. WINTER QUARTERS.—14. FISHING THROUGH THE ICE ON THE COLUMBIA.—15. ONE OF NATURE'S BRIDGES: MY WAY OF CROSSING.

WITH A CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY SURVEY-PARTY, ROCKY MOUNTAINS DIVISION

## CAFÉS AND CAFÉS-CONCERTS

PARISIANS have chosen as their social rallying points at various epochs of their singular history either the *cabaret*, the *café*, or the *cercle*. The *cabaret* was the favourite place of public resort in the seventeenth century, where people met together to talk, as their descendants do now, a little politics and literature, a good deal of scandal, and, above all, to *poser*. To *poser* is the Frenchman's chief delight. He prefers it even to dawdling on the Boulevards, or to making epigrams, or to saying some profoundly witty and sarcastic thing which will make his "genial brethren" hail him as a second Voltaire. Racine talked a good deal of scandal at an old *cabaret* in the Rue du Vieux Colombier, before he became a Port Royalist. He also wrote there his *Plaideurs*, surrounded by joyous companions. Later on the *cabaret* became unfashionable, and was discarded for the glittering *café*, where there was more room for the *poseurs*. Through the *cafés* of the capital passed from time to time some of the greatest men of France. Every one has heard of the Café Procope, which still exists in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, with its traditions of Voltaire, Rousseau, and the philosophers who heralded the Revolution. In '89 the highest treason was talked at the Café de Foy, a Palais-Royal *café*, and it was there that Camille Desmoulins made that memorable jump on the table which preceded the fall of the Bastille, while in the Café Corazza was sealed the fate of the Girondins. In the *cafés* of the "Latin country" many celebrities whose names are familiar to modern readers have indulged in bad liquor and impetuous talk. Gamblett, when young, drank innumerable *bocks* and harangued his fellows at the Procope. So also did Clemenceau, his successor, and Floquet, who signalised himself in his salad days by hooting the Czar. Successful men look back occasionally on these days of old, and M. Claretie once referred in touching terms in a newspaper article to the time when he dined at Viot's, where dinner, without wine, cost but eightpence—the price which Johnson used to pay for the same meal at the Pine Apple, in New Street. It is to be feared that the *brasseries de femmes*, now abounding near the Schools of Paris, are much more dangerous than the old *cafés*, and that young gentlemen, presumably studying law, occupy more time in empty talk with fare-armed barmaids than in poring over the pages of Pothier. The *cafés* have still more formidable rivals in the *cercles*, for all Frenchmen who wish to be deemed *psychot* now spend most of their leisure at a *cercle*. Famous artists and men of letters belong to the "Mirlitons," which is sufficiently select, but it lacks that unutterable excellence which fashionable Parisians find in the "Jokey Club." The *cafés* of the boulevards are frequently patronised by journalists and actors, who drop in there after the theatres to rehearse the news for the morning papers. This *café* news does not come from Reuter, but is generally about the grand doings and clever sayings of the compilers and their friends. Interspersed with this kind of intelligence may be found reports of diplomatic dinners, in describing which the *spirituel confére*, who has been one of the guests, lauds the host, his wine, his late, and all his staff—from the first secretary to the butler and the boots.

The *café-concert* is the Elysium of the emancipated *calicot*, or apprentice. Whatever may be said of his taste for music, the average working Gaul infinitely prefers the *café-concert* to the opera or the theatre, as in the first-named place he has more liberty to indulge in *badauderie*, and to shout *bis* with more success. At the *café-concert* the "encore fiend" is propitiated to an extraordinary degree, until it becomes irksome to anybody but the tyrant himself to see the same performer return to the footlights half-a-dozen times in succession. He who would see a *café-concert* in all its glory, and unfettered by any of the cosmopolitan introductions, such as clog-dancers, acrobats, and "clooos," should go, not to one of the summer establishments in the Champs Elysées, but to some of the typical ones in the Boulevard Sébastopol, or to the Alcazar. Praisers of the past have attempted to cast slurs on the great Paulus, Liber, and their associates. These complaints have not been without cause; for, comparing the popular songs of to-day with those of the past, the palm of better merit should be given to the latter. Of old, Béranger adapted his verse to the taste of the people. At the Restoration, the *Lieder* of Schubert were set to *café-concert* music by Wartel; and during the Empire popular songs were signed by Dupont and Nadaud, and sung by good singers like Darcier. Paulus made a hit some time ago with "P'tit Bleu," a Bacchanalian ditty; and songs concerning jealous husbands and faithless wives are always certain of success. Patriotic songs are not so much in vogue as in England; but on great occasions the "Marseillaise" is demanded, when everybody in the house thinks himself bound to join in, and shouts the chorus until he becomes red in the face. "De Brazza et Le Congo" had an ephemeral fame, and a good deal is being sung about *là-ba*, this meaning Tonkin and Sontay. The proprietors of *cafés-concerts* sometimes draw full houses by bringing a curiosity in the shape of a real princess, or the relative of a great man, before the public. A most successful venture was the reappearance of Thérésa, the great *diva de la chape*, at the Alcazar. Thérésa is the most remarkable *disease* of her time, as Perrin is the most remarkable *compère*. A few lines from Albert Wolff served to bring her forth from the obscurity of the Café Nicka, in the unsavoury Rue de la Lune, and she became the rage under the last Empire. Great people came to hear her in the *Sapeur* and the *Femme à Barbe*. Dandies took her to supper at the Grand Hotel, and she was sometimes invited to fashionable dinners, to be exhibited, like poor Louise Michel at the banquets of Madame Adam, or those "characters" whom some of Charles Lamb's friends were fond of having at their tables. Veullot put her on his Index in the *Odeurs de Paris*, and the wife of an Ambassador went to study her in order to give imitations of her style at Imperial Compiegne. But she did not succeed in getting beyond the *café-concert*, as did Marie Sass, who "created" *L'Africaine*, Judic, or any of those music-hall singers who, by the timely aid of English or American *impresarii*, have been enabled to qualify for the operatic stage.

The poorer and more squalid *cafés-concerts* of Paris deserve also a passing notice. They abound on the exterior boulevards, and it is needless to say that in them individual liberty is still more enjoyed, and the influence of *bis* more predominating, than is the case in the pretentious music-halls of the interior of the city. Absinthe is greatly patronised in these places by both actors and audience. There is no dressing-room, and lady "artists" sit knitting stockings or nursing babies until their number is put up or their names called out. The "company" usually consists of a tenor, a bass, and a soprano, the latter appearing in her usual costume, while the tenor and bass hand over to each other alternately the regulation threadbare evening-suit used for "lamentable comedies." Sometimes the proprietor appears on the stage, to keep the fun going, and is succeeded by his wife, and then by the pot-boy. This happens when professionals cannot be engaged at an agency, for there exist several offices in Paris which furnish the humbler public-houses with finished singers at remarkably low prices. An efficient bass or tenor is engaged at three francs per night, with a *choucroute garnie* at the end of his performance. A singer who can give a good *coup de gueule*, so as to commence and conduct a roaring chorus, may always find good pay and great applause. A refined writer, however, has found in these places subjects of sympathetic interest; and François Coppée has drawn, in one of his admirable poems (*Un Fil*), a pathetic picture of some of the characteristics of a *café-concert* of the Barrier. W. L.



AMID the innumerable books which have been written about English plays, Mr. John Addington Symonds's "Shakspeare's Predecessors in the English Drama" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) takes a place in the front rank, even if it be not the very best. Mr. Symonds's tastes and gifts fit him peculiarly to write about the early English playwrights. He has a catholicity of judgment which enables him to judge their work by the standard of their own age instead of testing them by the standards of this. His prose is graceful and yet full of power. He is himself a poet of high gifts, and is skilled in the technicalities of verse. Finally, the studies of the Renaissance in Italy, which he has long followed so deeply and enthusiastically, are the best preparation for the study and exposition of the writers immediately preceding the era of Shakspeare. Mr. Symonds, indeed, is well equipped for his task in both directions; he has the minute knowledge of facts which is indispensable in the compilation of such a comprehensive work as this; and his qualities of insight and sympathy give coherence and life to the material which, in the hands of a Dryasdust, would remain a disjointed and unsuggestive mass. Occasionally the reader feels that the wealth of illustration Mr. Symonds draws from his Italian studies is almost too great, and the actual subject in hand—the development of English drama—is almost lost sight of in the constant references to the miracle plays and masques of Italy which had so great an influence upon early English dramatists. Sometimes, too, there is observable a want of sequence in the work; the essays seem to have been written at different times and then tacked together with a few linking sentences. These blemishes are, however, insignificant when the general excellence of Mr. Symonds's book is considered. The origin of the drama in England is discussed with care; its evolution is traced through "The Tragedy of Blood" and "The Rise of Comedy." With the chapter on "The Rise of Tragedy" the interest deepens, and it culminates in the last chapter, which deals with the genius of Marlowe. Here the criticism and the style are both of the highest order, worthy to be compared even with "the roses and lilies of high-sounding verse and luminous prose" which Mr. Swinburne has scattered on the tomb of Marlowe. "The leading motive which pervades his poetry," says Mr. Symonds, "may be defined as *L'Amour de l'Impossible*—the love or lust of unattainable things; beyond the reach of physical force, of sensual faculty, of mastering will; but not beyond the scope of man's inordinate desire, man's infinite capacity for happiness, man's ever craving thirst for beauty, power, and knowledge." Few will be content if Mr. Symonds allows his studies to come to an end with this essay on Marlowe. "Shakspeare's Predecessors" must be regarded merely as preparatory to a worthy study of Shakspeare himself and his greatest contemporaries. It is impossible not to deplore one grave omission in this work—that of an index. The omission is one which will seriously mar the usefulness of the work.

In 1876 Mr. G. H. Pember, M.A., published a book with the twofold object of showing that the opening chapters of Genesis were a literal statement of facts, and secondly, that the "characteristic features of the Days of Noah were reappearing in Christendom, and therefore that the Days of the Son of Man could not be far distant." In this volume the author touched upon the subject of spiritualism. Since 1876, however, the spread of spiritualism has been so rapid, and the new theosophical movement has made such great progress that Mr. Pember has thought it well to reissue his book in a revised form with copious additions. Hence the publication of "Earth's Earliest Ages, and Their Connection With Modern Spiritualism and Theosophy" (Hodder and Stoughton). The earlier part of the volume is devoted to a minute study of the first chapters of Genesis; the closing chapters deal with spiritualism and theosophy. Mr. Pember's aim is to uphold the sovereignty of the Bible as the authoritative guide for man, and to insist upon the doctrine of the Atonement as the only means of purifying from sin. Both the Bible and the sacrifice of Christ are, he thinks, being steadily undermined by modern spiritualism and the theosophy which he describes as its more recent manifestation—though Mr. Sinnett, we may observe, disclaims any connection between common spiritualism and the doctrines which he is allowed by the Brothers to disseminate. Mr. Pember believes in spiritualism, which he attributes to the agency of demons. His conclusions are that "when the feelings of reverence and godliness still retained by the human race have been sufficiently submerged by the flood of demon influence which is now being poured upon us from the Air," the world will be invited to join the league of Satan, the day of wrath will begin to appear, and "the Lord will arise to shake terribly the earth." This consummation Mr. Pember feels to be very near at hand. To us it appears that the author's facts are considerably more interesting than his conclusions. His history of the rise and progress of spiritualism is useful; so is his account of Madame Blavatski and the Theosophical Society, though this much has been heard from other quarters. Foolish as much of Mr. Pember's book is, it is yet of interest as marking the direction of one of the waves of reaction from the too dogmatic assertions of the scientific materialists.

Mr. Robert A. Sterndale's "Natural History of the Mammalia of India and Ceylon" (Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, and Co.), is a work which supplies a certain want. It is avowedly based in a great measure upon Dr. Jerdon's well-known work on Indian mammalia; but it includes certain outlying territories, such as Assam, Cachar, Burmah, Ceylon, &c., which are omitted in Jerdon's book. It may well claim, therefore, to be a complete history of the mammalia of British India, as distinguished from the Indian peninsula, with which alone previous writers have dealt. Mr. Sterndale's book, too, is more popular in style than most books of science; and he does not object to spice his pages with anecdotes and tales of adventure. Numerous illustrations by the author, T. W. Wood, and others, add to the value of the volume.

Colonel Lean has made in the current number of his excellent "Royal Navy List" (Witherby and Co.) a suggestion which deserves consideration. He proposes to emblazon on the ship herself, and to enter in the Navy List, all the famous services performed in the past by any vessel whose name is still represented in the Navy of to-day. Under the name of the *Revenge*, for example, we find entered no less than seven famous engagements; and if it be urged that the *Revenge* which fought against the Armada or at Trafalgar has long since disappeared, the name alone surviving, it is also true that nothing, save the name, remains of the famous regiments of the Peninsula, the Crimea, and the Mutiny. For the rest, the "Royal Navy List" is, as usual, welcome, as the best compiled book about the Navy.

It is to be regretted that young authors who have scored one success should be induced immediately to rush again into print. "Pericles Brum," by Austen Pember, was almost a brilliant satire; but "Alter Ego" (J. and R. Maxwell), by the same author, is a story of wild improbability, in the would-be powerful vein, which will not add to his reputation. A Wilkie Collins or a Lord Lytton could give an air of probability to the story of a change of identity effected between two men precisely alike in face and figure, but in the hands of an inferior writer such a situation becomes farcical.

It cannot be said that Dr. Charles J. B. Williams was well advised in publishing his "Memoirs of Life and Work" (Smith,

Elder, and Co.). No doubt his career as a physician has been distinguished; but all he has to say concerning medicine could be put into a volume one-twentieth the size of this. The rest is purely personal matter, attractive doubtless to the author and his immediate circle, but of little interest to the general public.

The latest volume of "The Golden Treasury Series" is "The Letters of William Cowper" (Macmillan and Co.), edited with an introduction by the Rev. W. Benham. Mr. Benham's introduction, though brief, gives just those explanations which a reader of the letters desires. He sets down the main heads of the poet's life, and adds a few particulars concerning the various correspondents mentioned in the volume.

"Adventures in Thule" (Macmillan and Co.) are three stories by Mr. William Black, republished from periodicals. All the tales are good, and show the deep knowledge of Highland life and scenery for which Mr. Black is renowned. "Ignotus" has a trenchant pen and strong opinions. Hence his "Pen and Ink Sketches of Military Subjects" (W. H. Allen and Co.), reprinted from the *Saturday Review*, are by no means dull reading. Military reformers who are in earnest will, however, meet with little help from "Ignotus," though he offers them plenty of supercilious criticism. The article on the "Regulars and the Volunteers" is one of the best. A perusal of the volume will give a tolerably clear idea of the different questions of the day in the army.

"A Trip to the Great Sahara with a Camera" (Photographic News Office), by a "Cockney," is a brightly-written pamphlet, with practical hints for the guidance of other photographers on similar expeditions.

As we have had occasion to observe before, Victoria is, for its size and population (only 900,000), the most carefully statisticised country in the world. This is chiefly due to the energetic efforts of Mr. H. Heylyn Hayter, the Government Statist of the Colony, and in "The Victorian Year-Book for 1882-3," occupying nearly 600 pages, we find an almost bewildering mass of information on Production, Vital Statistics, Religion, Government, Finance, &c., &c. In every case the statistics of the Colony are compared with those of other countries, thereby enabling the reader to draw valuable conclusions. But life is so short and books are so numerous that we think an abridged summary would be of more real interest to most people.

Amongst the books which lie on our table is "Tracks in Norway," by "Four Pairs of Feet, Delineated by Four Hands, with Notes on the Handiwork of Each by the Others" (S. Low). This is a chatty, amusing account of a trip in Norway from Bergen to Trondhjem, and though in places the fun is somewhat forced, it may be read with pleasure by those who have visited, and with profit by those about to visit, the "Land of the Midnight Sun." —Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons send us a "Geographical Primer" and five "Geographical Readers." They are edited by Professor Meiklejohn, are adapted to the various Standards from I. to VI., and are written in that plain, straightforward style which is the great desideratum of all educational works. The illustrations are numerous and good, and the diagrams exceedingly clear. Altogether these little works will be a valuable addition to the schoolroom library, particularly at the present time, when geographical science is daily assuming more importance.—We have also received the third edition of Sir Henry Thompson's "Food and Feeding" (F. Warne and Co.), an admirable handbook to the table, and which contains new and important chapters on "Cow's Milk" and the "Preparation of Fish." —Two useful books for schools are M. Antoine Charlin's "Introduction to French Conversation" (Hachette et Cie.), in which the equivalent of English sentences are translated in good colloquial French on the opposite pages; and a manual of "Elementary Physiology" (Bemrose), by G. T. Bettany, M.A., and B.Sc. This last is clearly written, and fulfils its author's promise "to interest children in the knowledge of their bodies without wearying them by a burden of detail." —Of other works, "Our Golden Key" is a narrative of missionary labour in "Outcast London," by Lady Hope (Seeley); "Manners of Speech" (Griffith and Farran) is a selection from Lord Chesterfield's famous Letters to his son, and the same publishers send us "The Truth About Tonquin"—a reprint of Mr. Colquhoun's admirable letters to the *Times*.

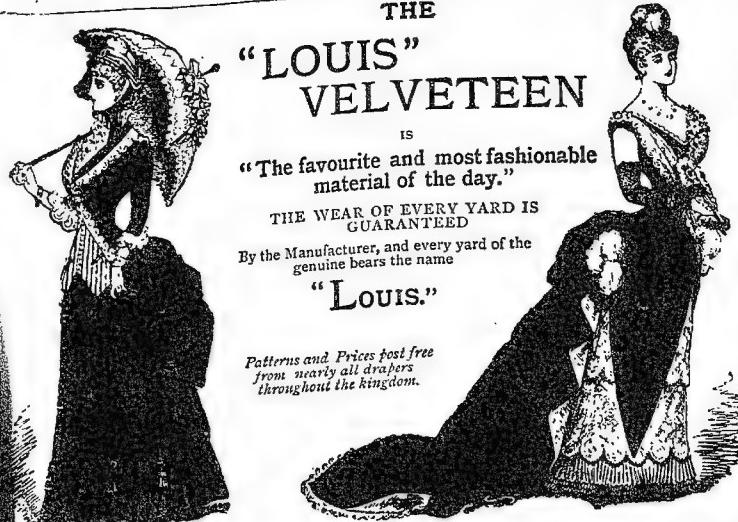


MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—A group of pretty and useful songs for the home circle are: "Primroses and Violets," words and music by G. F. Blackbourne, of medium compass, suitable for a schoolgirl; whilst "Somebody By," words by E. L. Blanchard, music by Elizabeth Philp, is appropriate for her coquettish elder sister. It is published in two keys; as are also "One Alone," the words translated from the German of Heine by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, music by Rosalind F. Ellicott; and "When Thou Wert By," written and composed by J. R. Brown and Charles F. Reddie. The two latter songs are for male lovers, tenor or baritone.—For the Sunday at home, Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful," transcribed for the pianoforte by Berthold Tours, will prove a welcome addition to the pianiste's *répertoire*.—Two easy and playable pieces for the organ are: "Faith," a flowing and graceful melody, by Robert Munro; and "Allegretto in F" (with chorale), by A. B. Plant, Mus. Bac., Oxon. The latter is somewhat more difficult than the former.—"Irish Airs," a brilliant concert fantasia for harmonium solo, by W. H. Jude, is a trifle less note-reading than is usually the case with this school, and, if well played, would prove a pleasant item in a programme.—Three good pieces, of medium difficulty, for the pianoforte, are: "Fantaisie Brillante," by C. T. West; "Nocturne Caprice," by F. d'Alquen; and "A Patrol March," by Oliver Cramer.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—Nos. 2 and 5 of the "Piano Album" published by this firm are respectively "Capriccio" (Op. 2) and "Scherzo" (Op. 27), and "Piano Studies." Both these numbers are worth five times the shilling charged for each one, and would be greatly appreciated if given to a refined pianist, in spite of their moderate price.

MESSRS. ENOCH AND SONS.—From hence come four songs by popular poets and composers which will not add to their fame nor win a lasting reputation: they are "Roses all the Way," a piquant little love ditty, written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and J. L. Roeckel; most original of the group, "Unforgotten," by Messrs. Charles J. Rowe and Berthold Tours, an ultra-sentimental song—these two are published in two keys; whilst "Old Times," by Mary M. Lemon and Milton Wellings, and "The Silent Keys," by Hugh Conway and Ciro Pinsuti, are published in three keys.—"Fairy Land Waltz," by R. E. Batho, and "The Old Lock Waltz," adapted from Milton Wellings' popular song, by Georges Lamothe, will both win public favour in the ball room this season.

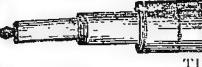
C. B. TREE sends two very good songs, music by Arthur Briscoe, "Love's Evensong," one of G. W. Southe's sweet little poems, and "Love in Season," the unaffected words for which are by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone.—The frontispiece, a pair of handcuffs, to "Captivity," a pretty but commonplace waltz by M. Moser, may certainly lay claim to originality.



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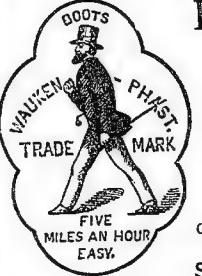


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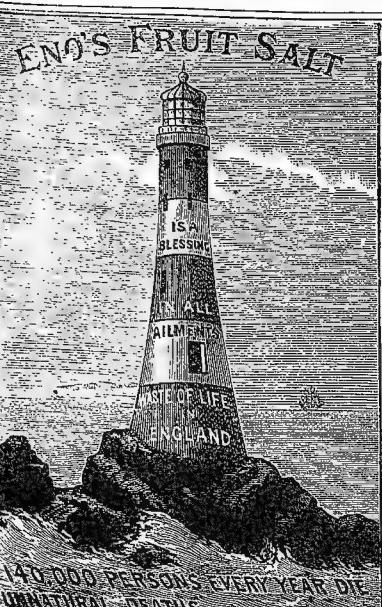
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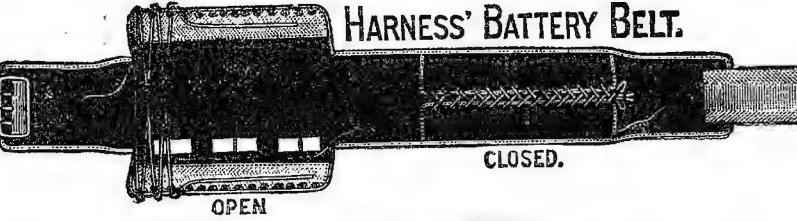
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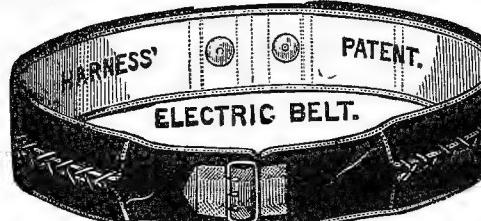
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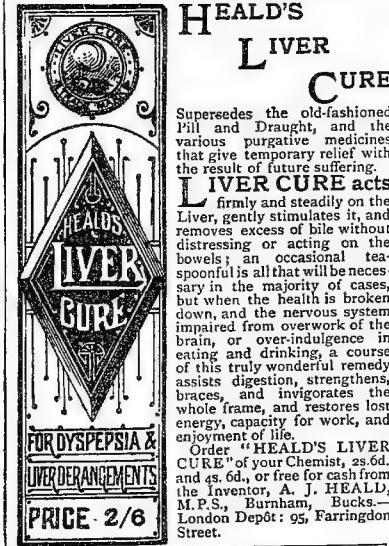
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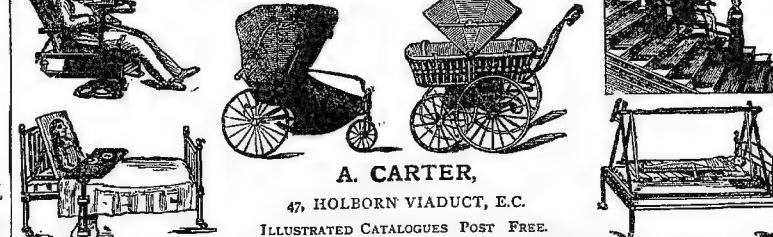
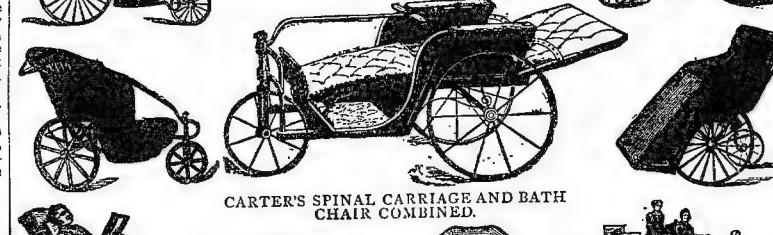
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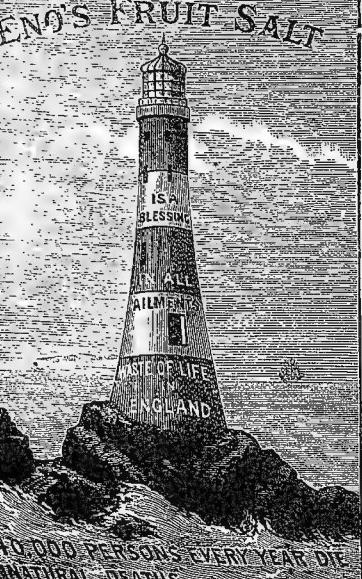
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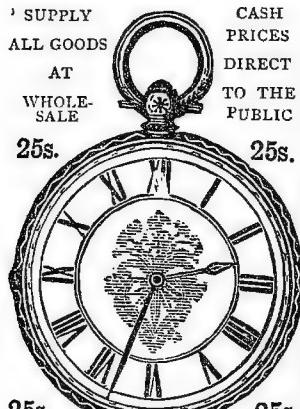
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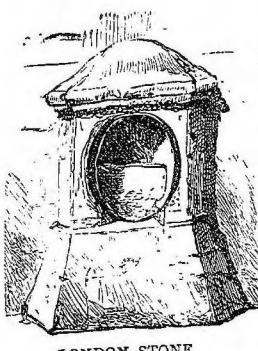
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# THE CORPORATION OF LONDON

## An Illustrated History in Three Parts—Part E.

BY H. W. BREWER



LONDON STONE

OUR READERS must not imagine that we are about to give them a history of the London Corporation. All we propose is a very slight sketch of the origin and rise of this great Municipal Body, and the Companies with which it is connected; a few anecdotes concerning some of its most eminent members; a short account of those monuments and objects of interest which it, or they, have called into existence; and, in conclusion, a little about the present condition of the Corporation.

### "THE VERACIOUS HISTORY OF GOG AND MAGOG"

By all rules of etiquette elders are attended to first, and therefore, the two very ancient gentlemen whose statues adorn this page must be first taken into consideration, for, although



MAGOG

the figures themselves date only from the year 1707, when their wickerwork predecessors were destroyed by rats, they represent individuals whose existence dates back so far that even history cannot reach it, and we are obliged to have recourse to tradition. In the library at Lambeth Palace is an ancient manu-

script history of England in the form of three chronicles.\* The first of these informs us that once upon a time there lived a great king in Syria, whose name was Diocletian. This happy man had thirty-three daughters, whom he gave in marriage to as many kings of various lands. These young ladies do not seem to have made their homes the "abodes of peace and contentment," for the manuscript tells us: "It befell so that these wives waxen so proude and sterne toward ther husbondes that they by one assent compleyned upon hem (them) to Dioclesyan." The father seems to have rated his daughters more soundly than judiciously, for they went home and cut their husbands' throats. In punishment for these acts they were put into a ship, with half a year's provisions, and sent adrift. In due course they arrived at the coast of England, which the eldest of these strong-minded females called Albion, after her own name. The manuscript says that they "lived here in this londe as bestis by erbis and rotis (roots), and ate rawe flesche and drank wilde bestis blode so they wex coragious." They had children by "the sprytes of the ayre," and brought forth giants, "as Gogge Ma Gogge and other; and so lived forthe the geauntes un till the cominge of Brute."

Brute was "the fyrist kyng that ever was in this londe, whiche was come of the gentle blode of Troye. . . . And he began first London, and named hit at that tyme Newe Troye." Brute appears to have made an end of all "the geauntes," including, we suppose, Gogge and Ma Gogge.

Another, probably equally authentic, tradition states that the two figures at the Guildhall represent the giants "Gogmagog" and "Corineus." The former was the last of the aboriginal giants, and the latter was a giant brought over by Brute. The two are said to have fought, and at first Gogmagog got the best of it, for he managed to break three of the ribs of the Trojan giant; notwithstanding this slight drawback, Corineus caught Gogmagog in his arms, and, after carrying him a few hundred miles, hurled him down a precipice, "called to this day Gogmagog's leap!" Which of these veracious legends is the true history of Gog and Magog we leave our readers to determine.

### BRITISH, ROMAN, AND SAXON LONDON

MYTHICAL, however, as are all the legends of British London, we have one very valuable, and undoubtedly genuine, memorial of those early times, and that is the name of our great and venerable city. "Londinium" is undoubtedly derived from the Celtic "Llyndyn, the lake fort." Mr. Loftie,† who has given great study to the geographical condition of the site of London in early times, shows how thoroughly suitable such a name must have been to the place in those days. It is a singular fact that uneducated Cockneys still pronounce the word as if it were spelt Lundin, or Lindin, which is probably not far removed from what the place was called by its inhabitants twenty centuries ago.

The historical notices of Roman London are few: Cæsar alludes to London under the name of "Trinovant," the strongest town in those parts; but he tells us "that the Britons call that a town, when they have drawn round a wood a rampart and a foss;" it is also mentioned by Tacitus‡ as "a wealthy and important town for the multitude of its wares and traders," showing how it had increased since the time of Cæsar, and we know that the Romans gave it the name of "Augusta," a title bestowed upon many other Roman colonial cities. Of all those, however, thus named, we believe Augsburg alone retains the appellation. Were it not for the Roman remains, unearthed from time to time, the existence of the city under Roman dominion might appear doubtful; but the numerous antiquities which are so frequently dug up, most of which are preserved in the Guildhall Museum, leave no doubt as to the

\* This manuscript has been printed by the Camden Society, under the editorship of Mr. James Gairdner, of the Record Office.

† "History of London." W. J. Loftie.

‡ Tacitus was son-in-law to Julius Agricola, who was Roman Governor in the time of Domitian.

existence of a large and populous city. It is true that these remains do not bespeak a high style of Art, and there are few examples of sculpture or highly-refined architectural carving. The most remarkable works discovered appear to have formed part of a monument somewhat similar to that at Igel, near Trèves. They consist of a statue of a warrior, much mutilated, a semicircular-headed niche, and some curious *bas-reliefs* of satyrs; the whole was evidently terminated by a pyramidal roof, adorned with scale work. These fragments were found built up into an old bastion of the city walls in Camomile Street, Bishopsgate, in the year 1876.

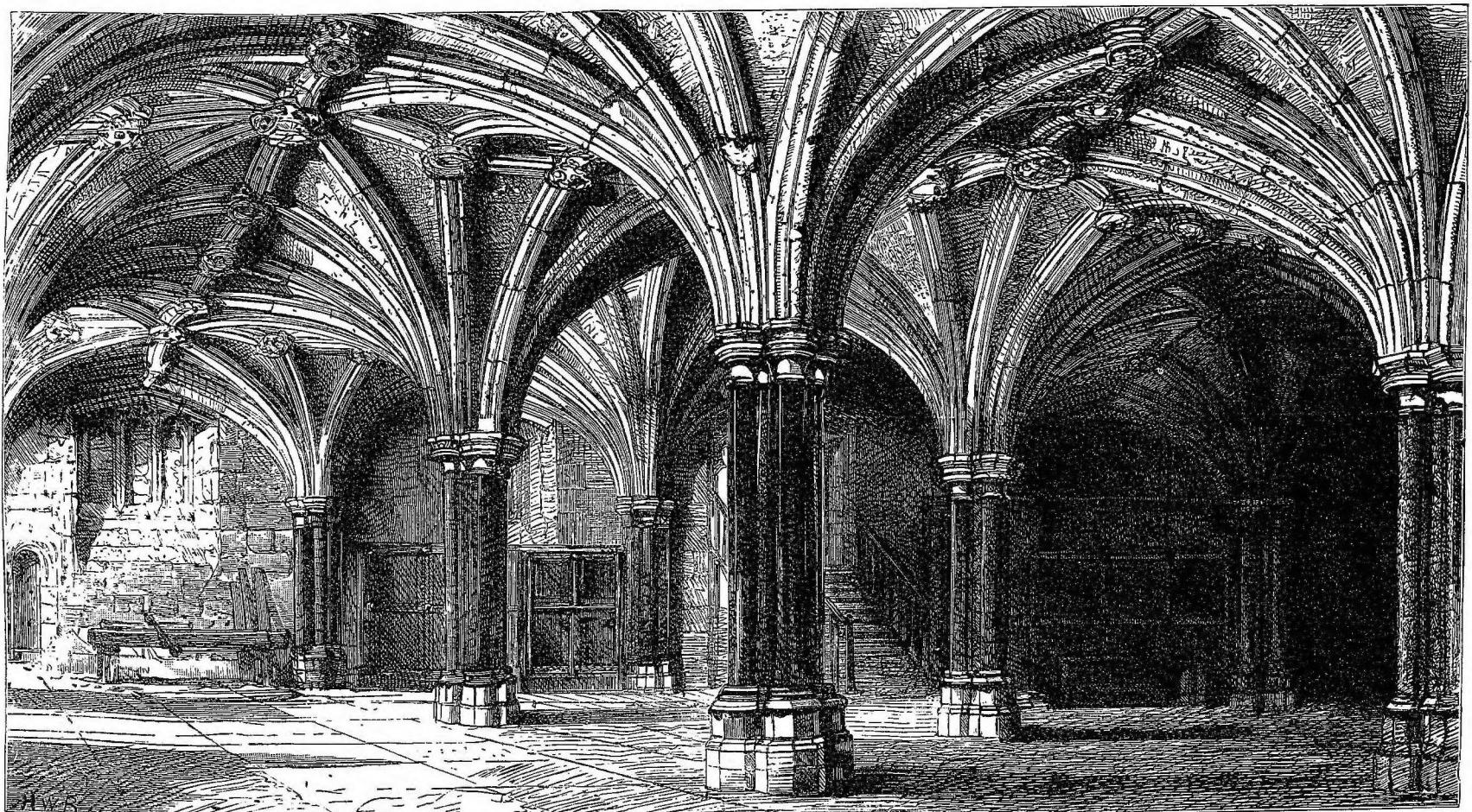
Examples of tessellated pavements are frequently discovered in the city; perhaps the finest that has yet been found is that represented in our view of the Guildhall Museum, which was dug up in Bucklersbury. It is strange, however, that nothing which could be identified as the foundation of a temple, basilica, or public building, has been discovered in London, yet from the letters, "P·P·B·R · L·O·N," stamped upon various Roman tiles dug up in London, it is presumed that an officer, styled "Proprietor Britannia Londinium" (the Proprietor of Britain at London), was established here in Roman times, and he may have been indirectly the origin of the Lord Mayor.\*



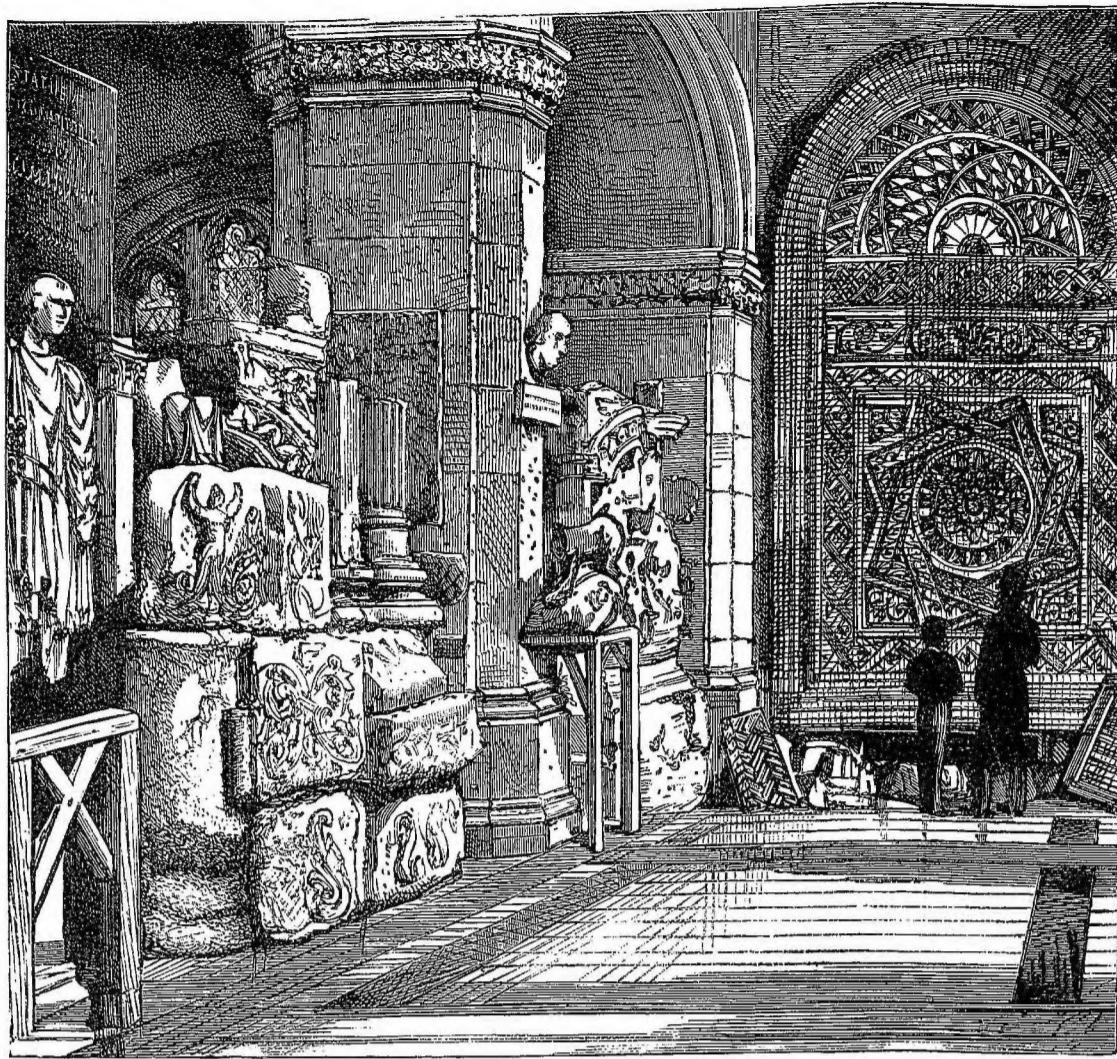
GOG

Although Christianity was undoubtedly introduced into London in Roman times it has left no monuments, and, stranger still, not one single vestige of Saxon architecture is to be found in the city. One solitary sculptured stone with a monumental inscription was dug

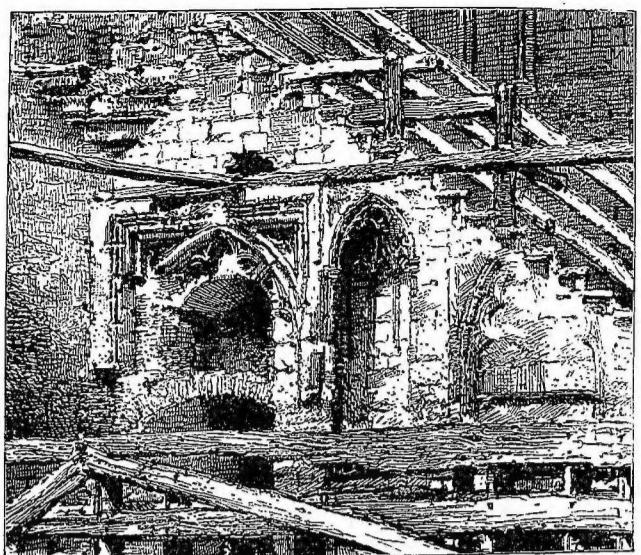
\* "The City of London." "Strike, but hear" (Blades, East, and Blades).



CRYPT OF THE GUILDHALL



REMAINS OF ROMAN LONDON—GUILDHALL MUSEUM



REMAINS OF GUILDHALL CHAPEL



REMAINS OF A FORMER GUILDHALL

up in St. Paul's Churchyard, which is all that the Danish invader has left in London to bespeak his occupation of the city. This is preserved in the Library of the Guildhall.

#### ORIGIN OF THE CORPORATION

WHAT was the exact origin of the London Corporation it is difficult to say, but it is an ascertained fact that there was a "Frith-guild" in existence in the time of Athelstan. Like all other Guilds this was probably in the first instance a religious confraternity. Religious observances entered so thoroughly into the constitution not only of the City Companies, which were derived from the ancient Guilds, but even of the Corporation itself, that the religious character of the Frith Guild would rather tell in favour of its being the origin of both the Corporation and the City Companies than against it.

During the Saxon period London was governed by the Bishop and a powerful magistrate called the "Portreeve," who may certainly be regarded as the prototype of the Lord Mayor. The remarkable charter granted by William the Conqueror to the City of London commences with the words: "William the King greets William the Bishop and Godfrey the Portreeve."

The struggle for freedom which the City of London and its Municipality upheld against the encroachments of the Norman Kings is detailed at considerable length by many historians, and Mr. Loftie has given an excellent account of the various disputes—the attempted encroachments of the Sovereign on the one hand, and the resistance of the City on the other. The erection of the Tower of London seems to have been one of the most galling acts on the part of the King, as it was evidently intended to reduce the City to the condition of a feudal dependency, and during the whole period of the Middle Ages, and even after, it was more or less a thorn in the side of the City. The opposition of the citizens to the arbitrary power of the Norman Kings was the foundation of much of that liberty and freedom from oppression which has been the great glory of England, for it taught people the fact that, however exalted was the dignity of the monarch and however sacred his person, he was as much bound by the laws as were his subjects, matter which in former times Kings were apt to forget. Amidst such struggles and disputes the Municipality of London grew up. The Aldermen were evidently at first simply the proprietors of the various wards which they represented, and in many cases the wards themselves took their names from the Aldermen: thus the two Wards of Farringdon were so-called after William Farringdon, who purchased them in 1279. It would appear that the Aldermen were really Barons, and assumed the title, and that the "Corporation"\*\* or whatever represented it was a purely aristocratic assembly.

#### THE FIRST MAYOR OF LONDON

HENRY FITZAYLWIN, the first Mayor of London, is supposed to have been the son of "Aylwin Child," the founder of Bermonsey Abbey, a man of enormous wealth,—for the whole parish of St. Swithin is said to have belonged to the family.

\* The word "Corporation," as Mr. Loftie points out, is modern as applied to London.

FitzAylwin was elected Mayor, according to most authorities, in 1189, and ruled the City in that capacity until 1212, twenty-five years! It became evident that much as it might be advisable to have the interests of the City represented by men of high position, they were not the men to further the cause of the trades and crafts; and although one of those City Barons—Fitz Piers—was the first champion of National Freedom, and was associated with Stephen Langton in preparing the Magna Charter, which contains a special clause relative to the City of London, yet the baronial form of government was ill-suited to the City, and seems soon to have been abandoned, as we find that most of the Mayors who succeeded FitzAylwin were taken from the trading classes.

London not unnaturally sided strongly with Simon de Montfort, and the Mayor, FitzThomas, was certainly a very advanced Radical for his time, if it be true, as stated, that he addressed these words to Henry III.: "So long as unto us you will be a good Lord and King, we will be faithful and dutious to you." No wonder that Henry III. never forgot or forgave this speech: how could any King submit to such conditions? The King was a

#### THE TRADE GUILDS AND LIVERY COMPANIES

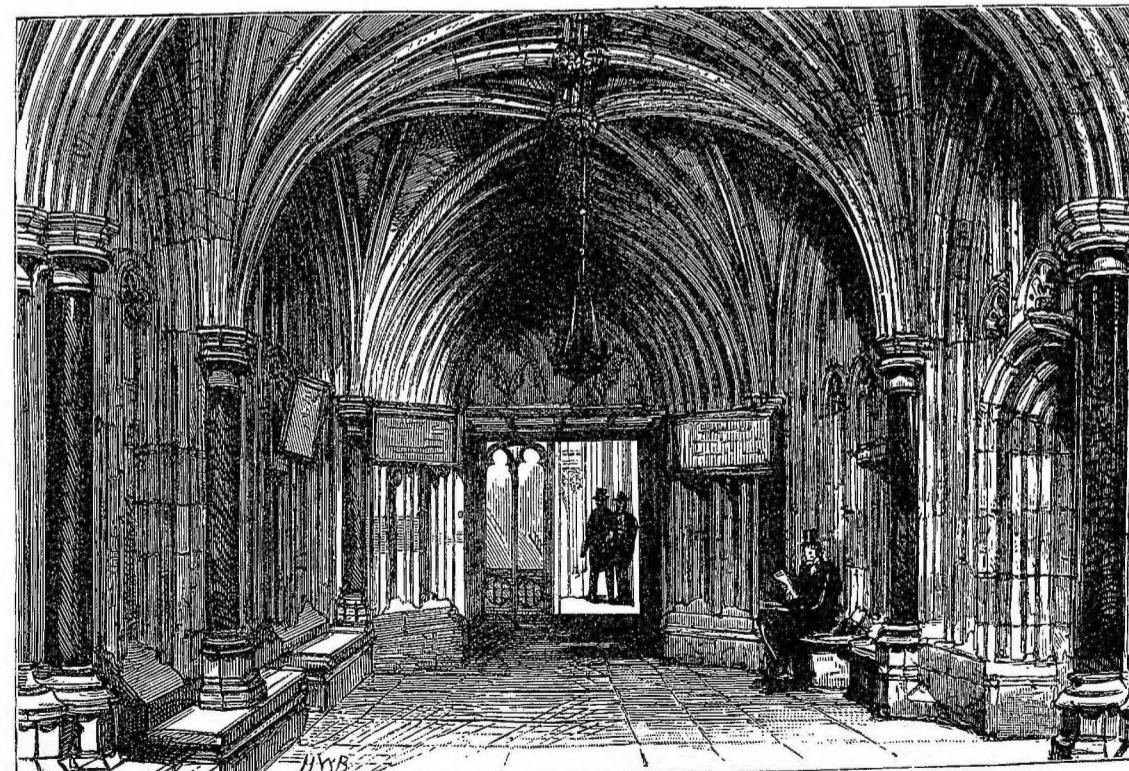
THE City of London owes much to Walter Hervey, a singularly upright and conscientious man, whose object, as he says of himself, was always the protection of the poor from the oppression of the rich. He appears to have reformed the Trade Guilds, and placed them upon a more secure footing, and although they did not become Companies in his day, still there can be no doubt that he did much to prepare the way for the change. It must not, however, be supposed, that Hervey was without enemies in the City—they charged him with being elected by the rabble and the Cheapside stall-keepers, who were really not citizens. In the end his enemies got the best of the dispute, and nothing appears to be known of his subsequent career. The power of the Trade Guilds, and above all of the City Guild itself, made great strides during the reigns of the three Edwards.

In Edward III.'s reign we find the Livery Companies thoroughly established, their laws, regulations, charters, and liveries (*i.e.*, costumes) settled, the word guild is changed for craft, or mystery, and the halls of the various guilds are henceforward called the halls of the Companies. The title of the "Guildhall" was, however, still retained. The religious character of both the city guild and the trade guild was not changed. Each Livery Company had its patron saint, and either its chapel, like the Guildhall Chapel, the Mercers' Chapel, &c., or was attached to some particular church.

Thus the Fishmongers took St. Peter as their patron, and attended the Church of St. Peter. The Drapers' Company was established "To the honour of our Lord Jesus Christ and His Sweet Mother, Saint Mary, our Lady of Bethlehem," and they made use of "the Church of St. Mary of Bethlehem," afterwards corrupted to Bedlam.

The earliest record of the Salters' Company is a deed, dated the seventeenth year of Richard II. (1394), granting licence to the Company of Salters to be a guild, or fraternity, in honour of "the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Church of All Saints, commonly called Allhallows, Broad Street." About half-a-century later Thomas Beaumont, an eminent citizen, left the Company their first hall, and appointed by his will certain religious services to be performed by the priest, brethren, and sisters of the guild. Some years later an attempt was made to prove that the religious guild and the Salters' Company were two distinct corporations, and that Beaumont intended to bequeath the property to the religious body exclusively; but it was decided by law that the "Religious Guild and the

Salters' Company were identical." On the feast of the patron saint the brothers and sisters of the company met, and, after various religious services, High Mass, processions, &c., dined together in the Company's Hall. In some of the Companies it was the rule that every brother should bring his wife, or "a maiden," to the feast—not to sit in a gallery, as is now the fashion, and look down upon their lords and masters feeding below; but to sit at table and to take part in the feast. Now we do not wish to pose as violent reformers of City Companies or the Corporation, but we venture to suggest to the City Companies that it would be a good thing to revive this excellent old custom. We feel convinced that the banquets of the City



PUBLIC ENTRANCE, GUILDHALL

prisoner at this time, and was unable to show his vengeance. By most historians this speech has been praised, but there is a question whether it does not savour almost as much of impertinence as of courage. Henry III., when his opportunity came, took a dire revenge, for after the Battle of Evesham FitzThomas was imprisoned in Windsor Castle, a fine of 200,000*l.* levied upon the City, and the office of Mayor was kept vacant for six years.

The Trade Guilds appear to have become very powerful towards the end of Henry's reign, and we find another popular and liberal Lord Mayor elected, in the person of Walter Hervey, a strong and systematic opponent, both of Royal encroachments and of the old aristocratic form of City government.

Companies would be vastly improved by the presence of the wives and daughters of the members; female society would add a refinement, and place a wholesome restraint upon these grand feasts; and it is probable that if any one Company would start the example it would soon be followed by others.

There were some very singular ceremonies observed by the guilds and Companies. The Salters' Company, for instance, were enjoined by the will of Thomas Salter to go annually to the Church of St. Magnus for the purpose of keeping an *obit*, and there they performed the quaint ceremony of knocking upon the grave, and each person saying, "How do you, Brother Salter?" This practice was only discontinued early in the present century.

In addition to religious observances and feasting the Companies fulfilled other duties. They were bound to protect the members of the craft; to assist those who were in poor or needy circumstances; to see that thorough honesty was practised by all members of the craft; that the public were not imposed upon in the way of short weight, or articles of an inferior or spurious quality. They had the right of punishing all infringements of their laws or statutes. These punishments were not severe, it is true: they chiefly consisted of an hour or two in the pillory, or small money fines. For heavy offences, however, a man was turned out of the Company, or craft, which was a very serious matter; because no one who did not belong to a Company could carry on trade or business in the City. Every one had to be apprenticed to the craft, mystery, or trade which he was to follow, and that, too, in the shop or office of one of its members. The craft, or Company, consisted of apprentices, bachelors or freemen, or journeymen, householders, liverymen, that is, those who were allowed to wear the special costume of the Company, and the wardens.

The exact connection between the Companies and the Corporation (or as it appears to have been called in early times, the "City Guild") is not quite so clear, though it must have been very intimate for many centuries, and even to a very recent date the Court of Aldermen frequently directed by precept the admission of certain persons to the various Guilds. The Guilds were for a long period the electors by whom the members of the Corporation were chosen; and even to the present day, the "freemen" of London who are "Liverymen" of the various Companies continue to elect the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and other high officers of the Corporation.

Our space will not permit us to follow, step by step, the history of the city during the eventful years of Edward I.'s reign, or of the disastrous rule of his successor, Edward II. Unfortunately, the unjust and tyrannical conduct of this worst of all the English kings led to a revolt in the City, during which Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, was cruelly murdered. The act was one that could only have been perpetrated by the blind fury of the mob, for the victim was a man worthy in every respect, as he was a liberal patron of learning, the founder of two colleges in Oxford, and a public school in his cathedral city. He also erected the greater portion of Exeter Cathedral. It is strange that so great a man should have attached himself to the cause of such a detestable king as Edward II., and it is another example of the fact that even the worst causes may have their martyrs. The Mayor Hamo de Chigwell might possibly by a little more courage and firmness have saved London from this terrible blot upon its history.

#### THE BLACK DEATH

THE opening of the reign of Edward III. seemed to promise halcyon days for the City, and everything appeared to prosper, but, alas, far more terrible enemy was at hand than even the tyranny of a bad king, and that enemy was death in its most terrible form—a pestilence which seems to have been incurable. A man, apparently in good health, would be seized with a sudden vomiting of blood, and in two hours he would be covered with frightful swellings and ulcers; death was nearly certain. This terrific malady was called the Black Death, and it appears to have swept away 50,000 of the inhabitants of London alone, in the year 1349 and 1350. Nine years later London was visited by famine.

#### THE TITLE OF LORD MAYOR AND THE CITY SCEPTRE

IT was during the reign of Edward III. that the Mayor of London was first entitled "Lord Mayor," and was allowed to have gold and silver maces carried before him. The present City mace dates only from the reign of George II., but the curious old "baton of office" called the "City Sceptre" is certainly quite as old as Edward III.'s reign, in fact, portions of this curious object are thought to date from Saxon times. It is composed of crystal, mounted with thin bands of gold, and adorned with pearls and precious stones. It appears to be of several dates, the upper half is evidently much earlier than the lower. In all probability it was formerly only half its present length, and it is possible that the lower portion was added when the title of Lord Mayor was granted.

We must stop to notice two events in the reign of Richard II. They are the insurrection of Wat Tyler and the Mayoralty of Richard Whittington. We simply notice the former event on account of the part taken by the Lord Mayor, Sir William Walworth. It is generally represented that Sir William slew Tyler during a truce. This scarcely seems to be a correct statement of the case. It appears rather that Wat Tyler during the truce was guilty of such outrageous and brutal insolence that the King ordered him to be arrested. Sir William Walworth attempted to execute this arrest, and in a struggle which ensued struck Tyler—some say with a dagger, but more probably with a mace, the blow from which proved fatal.\*

#### SEAL OF THE MAYORALTY

AN interesting relic of Walworth exists in the Seal of the Mayoralty. Ancient documents state that the old Seal was small, old, corrupt, and uncomely, and it was ordained by the Mayor, Alderman, and Common Council assembled in the Guildhall in 1381 that it should be broken and a new one made, which the Mayor commanded to be done "artificially and honourably for the exercise of the said office . . . which new Seal should contain, besides the images of SS. Peter and Paul . . . and under the feet of the said images a shield of the arms of the said City perfectly graved, with two lions supporting the same, with two sergeants-at-arms, on either part one; and two tabernacles, in which above should stand two angels, between whom (above the said images of SS. Peter and Paul) should be set the glorious Virgin." This being done, the old Seal was delivered to Richard Odilham, Chamberlain, who broke it, and

in place thereof was delivered the new Seal to the Lord Mayor. And, in spite of all the changes which have since taken place, this Seal is still in use.

#### WHITTINGTON, AND THE GUILDHALL

WHEREVER the English language is spoken, and whenever London is mentioned, there is one great name which is always



WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT—SCULPTURE FOUND AT GLOUCESTER

associated with its history, and this is the case not only amongst English speaking people, for even our neighbours of France and Germany have their versions of the story of "Dick Whittington." All other Lord Mayors before and since his time have to give way before the remarkable reputation gained by this great man. If ever we wish to hold up an example of what the most unimpeachable honesty, united with the most persevering industry, will accomplish, Whittington is the man we name, and although some historians during the last century have done their utmost to convert him into a kind of myth, he will always be regarded as the pattern of a great merchant. He is to citizenship what Alfred is to Royalty, or Bayard to Knighthood. Much has been done within the past few years to reinstate Whittington's personality. The careful researches



THE SEAL OF THE MAYORALTY

of Dr. Lyssons have elucidated much that was obscure and difficult to understand. Even the cat story which historians fifty years back laughed at and ridiculed, or explained away with far more absurd theories of their own, has received the strongest and most remarkable corroboration. We were always told, for instance, that the cat story was quite unknown before the seventeenth century, but we now know that records and representations exist of Whittington and his Cat at least a century earlier. But the most remarkable evidence is a little statuette, evidently as early as the fifteenth century, discovered



THE SEAL OF THE CITY

in pulling down a house in Westgate Street, Gloucester, which is known by an ancient rent-roll to have stood upon the site of a town mansion in the possession of Richard Whittington, great-nephew of the Lord Mayor, in the year 1460. This curious piece of

carving formed either a portion of a chimney-piece or the spandrel of a doorway, and represents a lad carrying a cat.

The City owes much to Sir Richard Whittington, although, strange to say, he was not in the first instance elected Mayor by the citizens. In fact, his first appointment as Mayor was a thoroughly arbitrary act of Richard II. In 1396 A. Bamme, the Lord Mayor, died during his year of office, and the King, without even consulting the citizens, and in defiance of their charters, appointed Whittington. Although Whittington was what we should now call a "Reactionist," and favoured the aristocratic party in the City, yet he certainly gained the good opinion of the citizens, as he was by their own election continued in office during 1397, again elected in 1406, and for a third time (or if we include his appointment in 1396, a fourth time) in 1419. As a remarkable example of his generosity, it is related that he entertained Henry V. and his wife at a banquet given in the Guildhall. The Queen noticed with astonishment that the fires were fed with cedar and perfumed wood. When she spoke of it to the Mayor he proposed to feed the fire with something still more valuable, and threw into the flames the King's own bond for 60,000, which Messrs. Besant and Rice point out would be about equal to making a gift of a million and a quarter of money to the Crown at the present day!\* A similar act is related of the great banker Fugger, of Augsburg, when he was visited by Charles V. of Germany. The circumstances are so similar that we cannot help thinking that Fugger was acquainted with the history of Whittington. Amongst Whittington's other acts of generosity or piety we may mention the rebuilding of the old Church of St. Michael Paternoster, his large gifts towards the rebuilding of portions of Gloucester Cathedral, and to the erection of the bridge and chapel at Rochester, the rebuilding of Newgate Prison and a chapel for the use of the inmates, the erection of the splendid library of the Grey Friars' Monastery, which he also stocked with books, the establishment of a college adjoining St. Michael's Paternoster, the erection and endowment of an almshouse, the rebuilding of the great hospital of St. Bartholomew, the rebuilding of the Chapel of the Guildhall, the paving of the Guildhall with Purbeck marble, and lastly, the bequest of some money to glaze the windows and stock a library at Guildhall with books. Unfortunately many of his magnificent establishments and gifts to the City have ceased to exist. His church of St. Michael was destroyed in the Great Fire; but even before that the adjoining college had been suppressed, his own grave shamefully mutilated. His library at the Greyfriars was destroyed or dispersed by Henry VIII., and the books at the Guildhall were "borrowed" by Protector Somerset, and carried away in three great waggons. Of course they were never returned. We all know how difficult it is to get a friend to return a single book which he has borrowed, and can easily imagine the utter impossibility of persuading any one to return three cart-loads of books. Of the Guildhall Chapel all that remains is a beautiful fragment, which may possibly have formed an oratory, or part of an attached chantry.

The Guildhall itself fortunately still exists, and the portions which are probably the least altered since they were rebuilt in Whittington's time are the entrance porch and the singularly beautiful crypt. This latter is now used as a kitchen on grand festivals, and a carpenter's shop at other times, though, from its delicate and beautiful vaulting, carved bosses, and marble columns, it is evident that it was intended to serve for different purposes. Under the western portion of the Hall—that which approaches nearest to Aldersgate—are to be seen fragments of a much earlier



THE CITY PURSE

crypt, which looks like Early Fourteenth-Century work, in which case it must have formed a portion of some earlier building than the present Guildhall, which was only commenced in 1412. Now it is known that the first Guildhall was entered from Aldersgate Street, and that its site adjoined that of the present Hall; but it has not been previously supposed that these two sites were identical. These remains, however, and another circumstance, that is the discovery, on the site of Guildhall Chapel, of a curious old stone coffin, dating from the early part of the thirteenth century, with a lid, adorned by carvings of a foliated cross and a trumpet, bearing a Norman-French inscription, to the effect that "Godfrey, the Trumpeter, lies here. The Lord have mercy on his soul," seem to prove that the early hall and chapel were on the present site.

Whittington's magnificent tomb was destroyed and rifled in Edward VI.'s time. Queen Mary, however, made the contents in Edward VI.'s time. Queen Mary, however, made the parishioners of St. Michael's Royal erect a new monument at their own expense, which existed until the Great Fire of London. The epitaph was a singular example of mediæval Latin. The portion we quote will give an idea of the whole:—

Ut fragans Nardus,  
Fama fuit iste Richardus.  
Albificans villam  
Qui juste rexerat illam.  
  
Pauperibus pater,  
Et major qui fuit urbis,  
Marius hunc vice  
En! Annos gens tibi dicet  
Finis ipse dies,  
Sis sibi Christe quies. Amen.

"Albificans villam" is a pun upon the name of Whittington. Certainly, few citizens more deserved the compliment paid him, both in these words and in the more important ones, "Pauperibus pater." The epitaph ought certainly to be restored. It seems strange that London possesses neither monument nor inscription to the memory of her greatest citizen, unless we include the humble stone on Highgate Hill (for some years past surrounded by a railing), which commemorates the spot where the future Lord Mayor as a poor boy listened to Bow Bells.

\* "Whittington and His Times." Besant and Rice.

Amongst the executors of Sir Richard Whittington, two deserve special notice. They were Sir John Coventry, who became Lord Mayor in 1425, from whom the Earls of Coventry are descended; and John Carpenter. Carpenter was Town Clerk of London, a man of great learning and most exemplary piety. Like Whittington, he was a patron of learning and Art. He gave money for the great cloisters of Pardon Church Hawgh, adjoining St. Paul's Cathedral, to be adorned by a series of paintings representing the "Dance of Death." In explanation of these pictures he employed John Lydgate, the poet, to write a poem entitled "The Daunce of Machabree," wherein is "lively expressed and showed the state of manne, and howe he is called at uncertayne times by Death, and when he thinketh least thereon." The poem consists of the invitations given by Death to every condition of person, beginning with the Pope and ending with the "Doctour," together with their answers to these invitations. Some of the verses are very quaint and beautiful. The invitation to "The Young Childe" and his answer are worthy of Chaucer :—

Little faunte that wert but late borne,  
Shape in this world to have no plasaunce,  
Ye must with other that gone herebefore,  
Be lad in haste by fatal ordinance,  
Learn of new to gone on my dance,  
There may none age escape insoth therfore,  
Let every wight have this in remembrance,  
Who longest liveth most shall suffer woe.

The Young Childe maketh answer :

A, a, a, a, worde I canot speake;  
I am so young, I was borne yesterday,  
Death is so hasty on me to be wreak,  
And list no longer to make no delay.  
I am but now borne, and now I go my way,  
Of me no more a tele shall be told;  
The will of God no man withstonde may,  
As soon dyeth a youtge as an old.

The last line of the first of these stanzas is singularly beautiful, and one almost wonders that it has not become a "proverb" in our language. John Carpenter was the founder of the City of London School, and compiled a book called "The Liber Albus," a most remarkable work, containing a complete list of all the City Acts.

subject. It must, however, be borne in mind that the changes effected at the Reformation deprived both the Corporation and the Companies of the religious character which they formerly possessed.



SIR THOMAS WHITE

distinguished for their vast charities, and the great encouragement which they gave to learning. They are Sir Andrew Judd, Lord Mayor in 1550, and Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor in 1553. The latter is best known by his munificent foundation of St. John's College, Oxford.

Of the Lord Mayors of more modern times and the present condition of the Corporation, we shall have occasion to speak in a later number of this Supplement.

#### THE CITY SCEPTRE, PURSE, AND SEALS

ARE respectively symbolical of authority, property, and the money of the Corporation. They are presented to the Lord Mayor when he is sworn in to office. The sceptre, which is the emblem of the jurisdiction which the Lord Mayor exercises over the City, is presented by him, together with the keys, to the Sovereign, on occasion of a Royal State visit to the City. We have already given a description of this very remarkable relic.

The Seals of the Lord Mayor and of the City are also of remarkable antiquity. The one, as we have already stated, was recut in the Mayoralty of the famed Sir William Walworth, and the latter dates from the reign of Henry VIII. It represents a view of London. In the centre is a gate, presumably Ludgate, with a key above it, emblematical of St. Peter. On either side of this are the spires of churches and the embattled towers of castles. Over the gate is the figure of St. Paul bearing a sword in his right hand, and a standard or flag charged with three lions in his left. It is not a little curious that it comes into the view pretty much in the position which would have been occupied by the magnificent spire of the ancient cathedral, and was undoubtedly intended to convey the idea that St. Paul keeps watch and guard over the City in a spiritual sense, just as the mighty Cathedral seems to keep guard over it in an architectural sense.

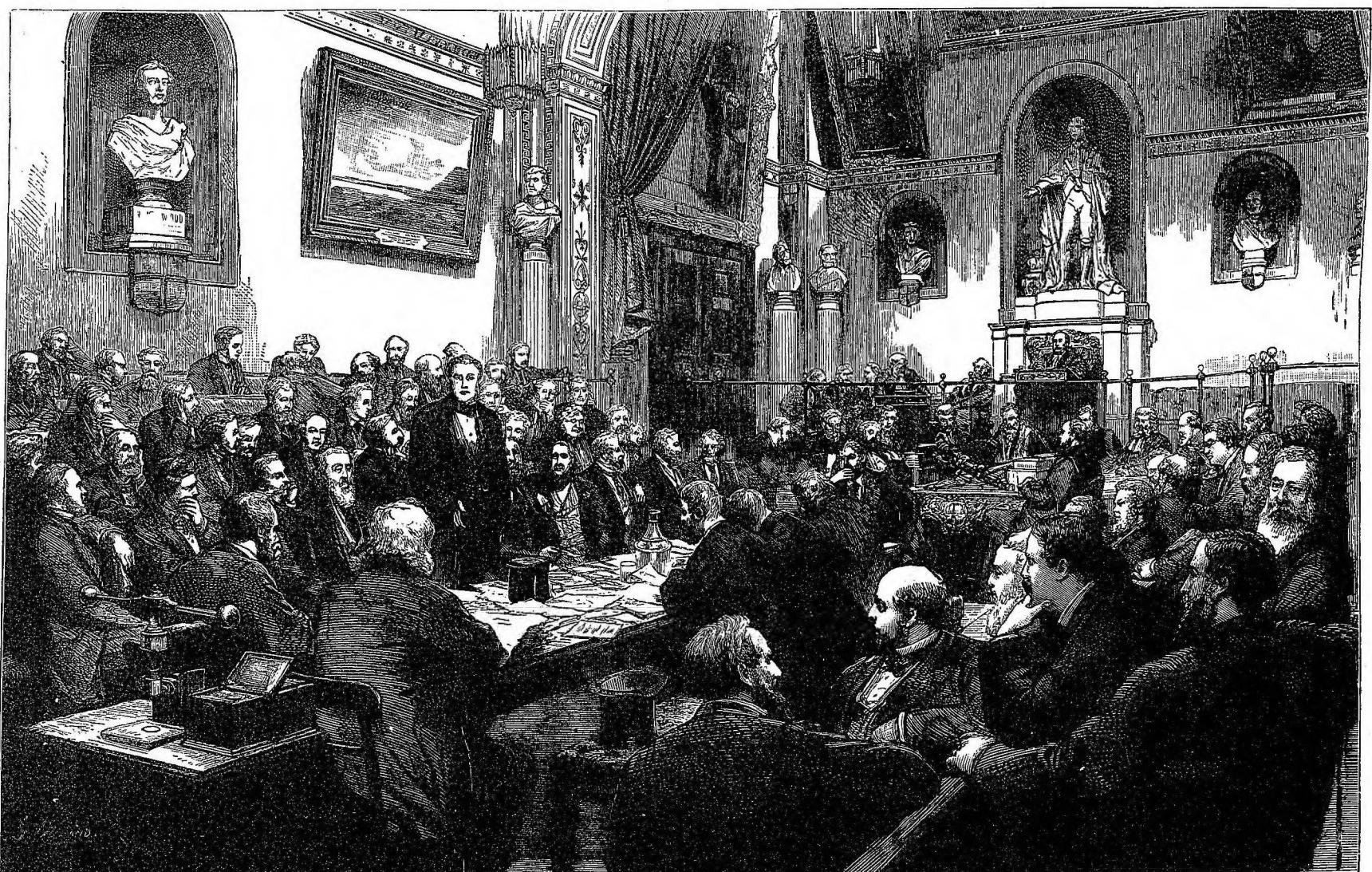
The Purse is another remarkably interesting object—it also dates from the Tudor period, and is composed of silk, embroidered with tissue of gold and silver. The pattern is a beautiful Renaissance scroll enclosing the City Arms. It is in a state of great decay owing to its age.



JOHN CARPENTER

#### MEETING OF THE COMMON COUNCIL

OUR illustration representing the meeting of the Common Council at the Guildhall will be described and explained when we come to deal with the present condition of the Corporation of London.



A MEETING OF THE COMMON COUNCIL